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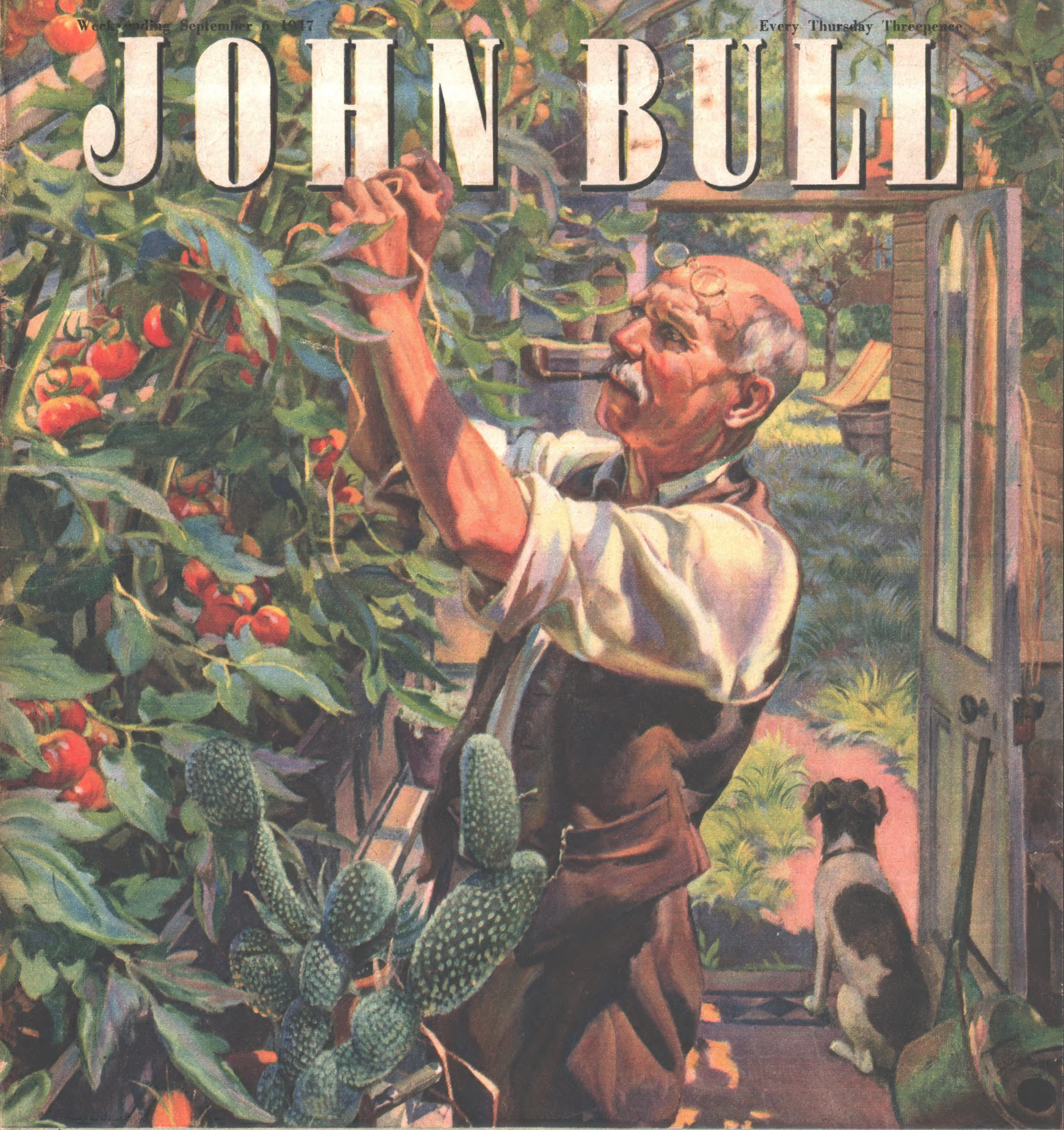
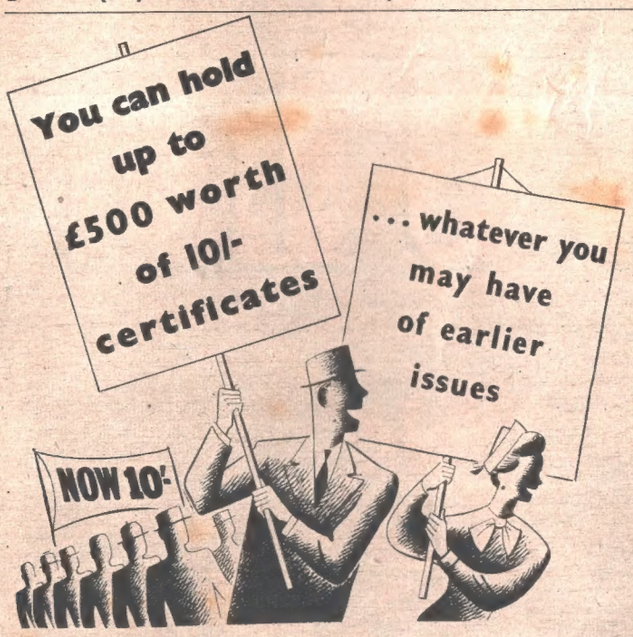


Inside Russia Today by JOSEPH MACLEOD

First article of a series that gets behind the Curtain



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SEPTEMBER 6, 1947 VOL. 82 NO. 2149

Don't be a "Glamour Snob"

ONE OF THE OBSTACLES between us and prosperity is snobbery.

Not the old-fashioned sort which made poor people try to pretend they were rich people, but the bad, modern snobbery where people dodge doing a real job of work because they think it "looks better" to do something clean and easy.

The worst example is in the mill towns of Lancashire.

Textiles are vital to our trade, and they are one of the products which the Government wants to boost in our export drive. But because of past bad management and out-of-date factories, labour has drifted away from the mills.

Fully 100,000 more workers are needed to meet the demands raised by the economic crisis—including a great many women.

Will they go back to the mills? No—because cap and overall, and a grubby trade, they think, are not glamorous and let them down in the eyes of their neighbours and boy friends.

Some girls prefer to take worse-paid jobs in shops, because there they can wear smart frocks and show off their pretty hair.

This kind of "glamour snobbery" is increasing so much that it has ceased to be funny. It is a serious matter for all of us.

The long-term cure for it is bright new factories, free of dirt and danger, where women will be glad to work. But we shan't be able to build them until and unless a lot more work has been done in the old factories.

So, for the next two or three years at least the remedy lies in a change of public opinion.

The millowners must be made to realize that better working conditions are needed, even in out-of-date factories. The women must be ready to put service to the country before "glamour." And the public, by their attitude, must make girls feel that the place of honour is at the work-bench in the mills, far more than behind the counter.

"Staggering" Must Succeed

POOR PROGRESS is being made so far with arrangements to stagger hours of work so as to spread out the demand on our over-burdened electricity power stations.

The fact is that no employers and few workers really want to change hours. They feel that staggering is a good idea—for other people!

This attitude will have to change.

For an important disclosure, which attracted little notice in the rush of crisis news, has been made by Sir John Kennedy, of the Electricity Commission. Sir John says "it is hoped" that in three or four years' time we shall have enough generating plant to give us all the electricity we need.

In other words, for three or four more winters, at least, we shall be short. Three or four more winters of "shedding the load," of power cuts; perhaps of partial paralysis of industry and discomfort in our homes. . . .

Unless, of course, industrial hours are effectively staggered and, also, there is no waste.

So it is a harsh, clear fact that staggering must be *made* to work. The Government has the powers; it must not be afraid to use them.

If it is no use appealing to firms to co-operate, then they must be directed to co-operate. And if there is union opposition in some trades, that will have to be overcome.

Neither our finances nor our morale will stand up to a succession of winters like the last, which saw the greatest industrial disaster in our history, combined with hardships in our homes.

If the Government does its job of governing, stands no nonsense from employers, tells employees exactly why they must work at inconvenient times—then, and only then, shall we achieve successful staggering of hours. And we shall have broken the back of our power difficulty.

A Date With Happiness

MORE BABIES ARE BEING BORN this year than in any year since 1920—which was also two years after a great war.

"Poor little blighters!" say the pessimists. "What a world to be born into!"

That is pure bunk. We should envy these 1947 babies. We are having the trouble. They will inherit the fruits of our struggles.

Forget, for a moment, the crisis, the shortages, the wrangles at home and abroad. Those are inevitable birth-pangs. What is being born so slowly and painfully is the world our new babies are going to inhabit when they grow up.

Let's face it—their childhood may be a bit thin. They cannot have the sweets and toys we had as kids. But all the time the tools are being forged and the bigger crops grown to turn out the sweets and toys of the future.

Hang on to the heartening fact that this is a productive old earth after all—and that scientists are always discovering new good things as well as new bad ones.

By the time they are ten years old the 1947 babies should have seen a crowd of improvements in ordinary living. And when they leave home at twenty, well-fed, well-educated and well-equipped to enjoy the excitements of life, what a fine world it will be!

That is the answer to the grown-ups of today who complain they were born fifty years too late. No—they were born fifty years too early.

Our tired and disgruntled generation should think ahead. Every time you see a lusty infant in a pram, there goes another human being towards a date with happiness.

The Wrong Idea

THE DISCIPLINARY ACTION taken against a Post Office official for working with his jacket off during the heat wave has provided a classic example of officiousness.

To JOHN BULL that is stretching red tape to a ridiculous and absurd length. Why shouldn't a Government official dress—within reasonable limits—so as to get the maximum comfort while working? Comfort increases efficiency.

The grocer, the butcher, the commercial clerk, the factory hand and others make themselves comfortable at work. Only blind officialdom could see any difference between these workers and Government employees.

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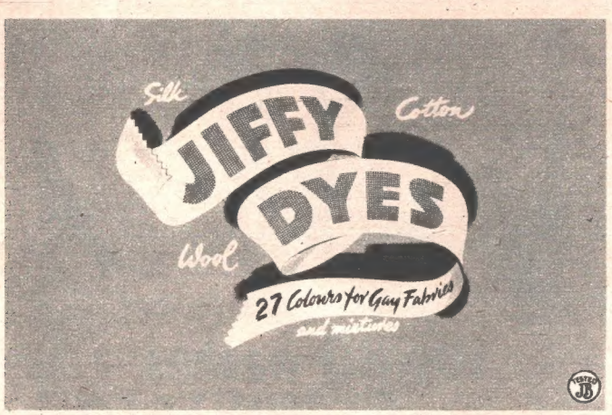

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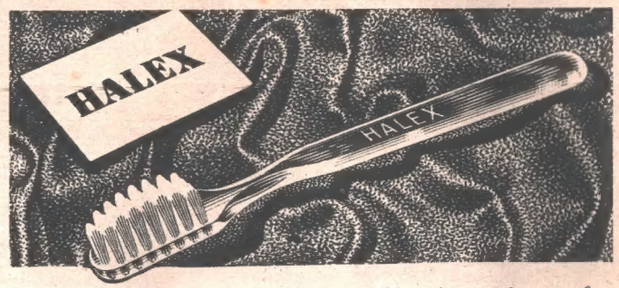

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BEGINNING A NEW SERIES • UNDERSTAND THE RUSSIANS • BY JOSEPH MACLEOD

To the British people, puzzled by the apparent hostility of a wartime ally, the Soviet Union today seems even more of a mystery than before 1939. What are the average Russian's feelings towards the outer world? What attitude has he to his own country's struggle for reconstruction? Joseph Macleod, who knows Russia from the inside and speaks the language, here lifts the veil

Sverdlov Square, Moscow, by Soviet painter Yuri Pimenov — re-drawn for gravure by Ladislas Domeny

Ivan knows where he's going

HAVING JUST SPENT A MONTH in the Soviet Union, I find people at home even more puzzled about the Russians than they used to be. This is understandable. There are features in Soviet life which look like inconsistencies till you study them on the spot.

I offer my observations, for what they are worth, because many people in Britain want an honest opinion, and it is important that we should be friends with every progressive country. You can't have friends if you don't understand them.

The first impression of Russia is of multitudes. Multitudes of workers, all busy. When I had got used to this and returned to London, London streets looked empty.

Not very orderly multitudes. They push and jostle, and expect you to do the same. Not unduly dragooned multitudes, either: people break the rules more than they did when I was there ten years ago. And not, to British middle-class eyes, very prosperous looking multitudes: clothes are poor in quality, and few wear them well.

But people are friendly and ready to talk. I found that by chatting to ordinary Russians in the streets and elsewhere; and, even if I hadn't told them, they would have known from my accent that I was British.

The very multitudes gave me my first clue to understanding them. There are so many more people than houses! Every Ivan Ivanovich, like most John Bulls, would prefer a small detached house of his own, with a garden. That is planned for him.

In the country, in new centres, he may get one; even with an extra room called a "scullery." Or a bungalow, designed so that a second storey may be built as the family grows. Or a prefab, Finnish type.

But these are not by any means ready yet for everyone. Personal comforts today have to be sacrificed to the needs of heavy industry and to rebuild destroyed factories.

Moscow is Overcrowded

In most respects the Soviet Union is self-sufficient; so the more the heavy industries produce the more the light industries can be developed; and since there are no investors to absorb the profits, the more comfortable Ivan and Masha will be. But at the moment they are not comfortable. Especially in the cities.

There are more people in Moscow than Moscow was built to hold. They streamed in when the villages outside were razed flat by the war.

I took some gifts to relatives of a friend of mine in Britain. They had come of a well-to-do family before the Revolution, and still live in the family flat, which they now share with three others. Dining-room and drawing-room had been turned into bed-sitting-rooms. But they had space and privacy by Soviet standards.

"We accept these things," said one of them, a schoolteacher, "because we understand them. Everyone must have a home of some kind for the time being. We don't grudge the space to those who share with us. We are happy and have plenty to eat. We get along very well."

They certainly did. They were not expecting my wife and me that day, but they gave us an excellent meal.

To others, more simple people, who had never known privacy, the Soviet aim of one-room-per-person is luxury. The minimum is a room about eleven feet by nine feet. That is not much, but it is cheap. Going by floor-space, rent usually works out at only a twentieth of a man's wage.

All the same, many new flats are going up—if at a speed that imperils good workmanship. They are finished storey by storey. While builders are putting ceilings on the sixth or the twelfth storey, plumbers are still working lower down, men on the third floor are laying wood-block floors (an old Russian craft, and economical, making carpets unnecessary) and families will be already living on the ground floor. We climbed from floor to floor. These new flats have many conveniences: glass doors, built-in cupboards, elegant moulded cornices (another

Two young Muskovites, theatre-bound. Clothes are cheaper now; morale high

feature valued in Russia), telephone, gas, electricity heating and radio. My wife's domestic eye noted that the kitchens had not been worked out on principles as good as those for our postwar workers' flats and prefabs.

Such a flat will cost more per square foot than an ordinary room. One for a small family, containing bedsitter with alcove, children's room, kitchen and internal bathroom and lavatory, will cost twelve times as much. And you can get seven-roomed flats. As with us, you must wait for them. But most people can afford more than the price of one room.

Your pay depends both on what kind of work you do, and how well you do it. Lowest graded are the floor-sweepers, as opposed to the floor-washers, who need more skill. Highest graded, apart from best-selling authors, star artists and scientific geniuses, are the managers. But few people, whatever their grade, earn merely the minimum.

Many do half as much again as they need. Most do over 35 per cent more, and for this they get not 135 per cent of a day's wage but over 180 per cent, because there is a sliding scale. Any ordinary worker in a light industry, nominally getting £28, will easily earn £36 a month, allowing 21 roubles to the pound as it stands at present.

His money does not go on medical attention, sanatoriums, holidays, and so on, which are free; only a small proportion need go on the education or care of his children. He has plenty to spend in the shops.

Good Workers Eat More

But in his shopping, too, there is a distinction favouring the good worker. He can register for rations and get things for the house at any ordinary shop; he can register for rations and get the same things at a shop attached to the factory, farm, mine or institution where he works; and here he will probably get extra supplies from an auxiliary farm providing the factory with produce.

In both these, prices are low: £3 15s. for a man's suit, 23s. for a shirt. Basic food rations will cost him, if he's an ordinary worker, earning £28, about £9 a month. A typist, getting £36, would spend only £6 on rations, because her rations are smaller.

The rationing system is different from ours. Everyone gets basic rations each month of 1¾ lb. of meat or fish (and you give up coupons in canteens and restaurants); 4½ lb. of cereals (including rice, oats, macaroni and buckwheat, a delicious grain making the dry porridge called kasha), 2 lb. of sugar, including jam and sweets or biscuits if preferred, and cocoa too, but in double quantity; 1¾ lb. of fats, including butter and sunflower oil for cooking (they don't have margarine), or cheese if preferred, in double quantity; and 8½ lb. of potatoes. Salt, soap and matches are all rationed.

There is no milk ration for adults other than expectant or nursing mothers, who get twenty-one pints a month, while children get milk according to their age.

On the other hand, they get, and eat, an enormous amount of bread: the equivalent of nearly thirty large loaves a month, or flour at the rate of three-fifths the bread issue. Wood fuel is rationed but plentiful; electricity is restricted, with extra for students. Many Moscow flats are heated by water from power stations.

Off-ration Luxuries

That is basic; but most people get a supplementary ration on the strength of being brain workers, heavy workers, best workers, Stakhanovites; and some get a second supplementary ration awarded each month by the director of their place of work.

But besides this, food and goods of all kinds can be bought by anyone in a third kind of shop, called "commercial," of which there are hundreds.

Here shirts cost £3 or £4, a suit from £65 to £100. Beer, vodka, caviare are cheap; so are the big chocolates the Russians love. In these commercial shops (all State-run on fixed prices) you can get extra supplies of rationed goods off your ration, and indeed anything from bicycles, accordions, perfume and jewellery to postcards and toys.

From personal observation and counterchecking opinions, I am certain that few if any Soviet people cannot afford to use these shops regularly.

The Government intended to end all rationing last year, but the drought in the west and south-west smote fields scarcely recovered from the invasion worse than in the terrible year 1921. But the people of the eastern countries of the Soviet Union poured in grain from their own harvests, in quantities that could never have been collected under the old system of individual farms; and famine was averted.

They hope to abolish rationing next year, with prices stabilized somewhere between those in the ordinary shops and those in the "commercial."

The Ukrainians and Russians suffered sorely in the war. But Kiev, though its centre is laid as flat as that of Plymouth, is still a beautiful city and heart of the Ukraine, that land of sunflower and pumpkin, of gay pottery and embroidered linen, where people walk softly and with graceful carriage down their steep lime and chestnut scented avenues.

Leningrad is not so blitz-battered as London. But you can see even yet the traces of more than two years of siege and starvation: in drawn looks and warped bodies.

You do not see it in the children, for most were evacuated. Those who weren't did not survive.

We, though we took the full force of the blitz and our young men gave their lives in the Battle of Britain do not know what invasion means, not only at the time, but for the years of recovery. You see this if you visit the Soviet Union. Broken lives, shattered hopes, maimed bodies, frustrated plans. These go on. And still the need to work as hard as ever, now to catch up with time stolen by war.

They Pull Together

In Moscow you feel the strain, in the way you are jostled by the multitudes. But you understand. This does not mean these people are weak. On the contrary, they are strong; strong because they are all pulling the same way and each knows where all are going. A man said to me: "It is true, we are tired. We work very hard; we have to—in order that it will be easier later on."

I thought he might be a member of the Communist Party, impelled to give a pep-talk even to a foreigner. But he was not. He spoke of "we" and "our street" with pride and real concern. They do, in the Soviet Union. Ivan Ivanovich has a closer sense of community than Jack Bull has.

Their spirit is good; not extravagantly joyous, but gravely determined. I want next to explain not only how Ivan Ivanovich is helped to enjoy, express and develop himself as he likes best, but also how, despite these hard conditions and the lack of certain freedoms that we think essential, I am convinced he really does feel that his way of life is the best possible one for him.

[NEXT WEEK: The Ivanovs take time off]

INTEREST in the theatre first inspired Joseph Macleod, author of this article, to teach himself Russian. He wanted to study the audiences of the Soviet Union which he first visited in 1937. Best known as a wartime broadcaster, he resigned from the B.B.C. in 1945 for what he called "its unrealistic attitude to the postwar listener." In 1944 he won the Royal Society of Arts' Silver Medal for a lecture he gave, and earlier this year he made a lecture-tour of Holland at the request of the Dutch Ministry of Fine Arts. His books include *The New Soviet Theatre* and *Actors Cross the Volga*. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He is forty-four and married in 1928.

What readers think about TEST-TUBE BABIES

Dr. HARVEY GRAHAM'S article "A Birth Has Been Arranged" (John Bull, August 2) has brought an interesting response from readers. An analysis of all the letters received—a selection of which follows—gives this controversial result:

AGAINST artificial insemination.....51 per cent
IN FAVOUR of artificial insemination.....7 per cent
NEUTRAL (i.e. uncertain of consequent social problems etc.).....42 per cent

THE WHOLE IDEA of artificial insemination is repugnant to any person with any belief at all in the Creator. I not only agree with the Christian Church's view that it is adultery but would go further and say it is infinitely worse. I doubt if the most savage pagan would resort to such a practice without a pang of conscience that he would offend whatever idol or pagan god he believed in.

The doctor's side-tracking reply to the Roman Catholic Church's spokesman, who declared that in addition to artificial insemination being sinful it is also against "natural law," is anything but convincing or even intelligent. Do not these doctors agree that Christ's cleansing of the lepers, restoring sight to the blind and raising the dead to life were also acts against "natural law" but were certainly not acts that infringed the common law of decency and morals.

As for test-tube babies bringing happiness into the home, I am inclined to believe the exact opposite and can visualize such a baby's coming coinciding with the birth of distrust, jealousy and all the other things that eventually lead to our already overcrowded divorce courts.—MICHAEL J. DONOVAN, 35 Deerpark Drive, Belfast.

* * *

HOW CAN MODERN EDUCATED PEOPLE be against afflicted married couples who cannot procreate normally but nevertheless crave to have their own children—and do so by artificial insemination?

Surely couples who brave bigots in this way are the type likely to make the most devoted parents of happy children?

Therefore the science of artificial insemination should be developed on a national basis. Then thousands of miserable couples will be converted into keen and happy parents and grateful citizens.—JACK GORDON, 18 Reighton Road, Clapton, London, E.5.

* * *

ONE ASPECT OF THE SUBJECT escaped Dr. Graham—namely that in the creation of a normal and healthy child love is the fundamental factor. And that is something too big to be carried and manipulated with test tube and syringe. The begetting of a child has more to do with the spiritual than the scientific side.

While sympathizing with the wife who is denied motherhood, I still think it is her duty to treat her husband just the same as if he had some other disability and not to introduce a spurious offspring which would be a constant reminder of his sterility. Indeed, a test-tube baby may eventually test the marriage.—MRS. L. E. WILLIAMS, 47 Charles Street, Tonypandy, Glam.

* * *

I THINK WE WOULD SINK to the lowest depths even to dream of spinsters having test-tube babies. A spinster who lives a pure life has the most precious pearl in the world. Let Dr. Graham know that all spinsters are not hard up for a man. Even if we do belong to the two million surplus women, not all of us want a man and there are plenty of children, belonging to relatives, friends and neighbours, that we can love and care for.

What does the world think of a girl who has an illegitimate child? People look down their noses at her. It takes her a long time to live it down. How much more would they despise a girl who submitted herself to such tests.

If such practices continue, I don't think we will need atom bombs to destroy the world. The people's morals will shrivel it up. If a married woman cannot have children let her be satisfied without stooping to immoral practices or lending herself to science. I am only a spinster but I am not "on the shelf" and not "dusty."—A SPINSTER FROM LANCASHIRE. (Full name and address enclosed.)

* * *

HAS NOT DR. GRAHAM slipped with his statistics? I thought there were more than *three* million surplus women in this country—not two. I am one of them, aged thirty-two, strong and healthy and able (no doubt Dr. Graham would have the audacity to say) to bear six children. But I shall never have one, either by normal or abnormal means. Why?

Of what use to have children when war is talked of as a certainty in another ten or twenty years' time? When sons are lost on the battlefield (in the next war it will be daughters too), no more thought is given to the mothers who bore them and made sacrifices to rear them.

I number among my friends many bereaved mothers who say that could they have foreseen what would happen to their boys they would never have had any children. They feel they have been treated shamefully.

I likewise number among my friends at least thirty spinsters about my own age. Each of them would scorn to have a child, whether married or single, by such means. Doctors are meddling too much in the private lives of men and women. It is time they minded their own business.—MISS G. L. BRANT, Langley, Oldbury.

Dr. Graham's main point was that test-tube babies can bring happiness. One witness: little Ann Cordaroy, of Dagenham, Essex.

* * *

THE POINT WHICH STRIKES ME is this. If childless couples really desire to care for a child, let them search their hearts and ask themselves, "Is it not a far better thing to bring an adopted child into the house, a child already born, than to ignore such children and indulge in the whim of a glass syringe?"

I believe the couples who cannot say yes to this question are not fitted to have any children.—W. PARKER, 84 Raven Terrace, Lower Grange, Bradford.

* * *

IF THE CHURCH CLAIMS that the fertilization of a woman by the seed of a man other than her husband is adultery, whether intimacy is involved or not, then surely intimacy without the contact of sperm and egg-cell (i.e. with the use of contraceptives) is *not* adultery. It does not seem right to me that the Church should have it both ways.—"SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD." (Full name and address enclosed.)

* * *

WHATEVER MAY BE SAID in favour of artificial insemination of the intra-marital kind (A.I.H.), it seems to me the ethnical, sociological and legal difficulties attending widespread practice of the other type (A.I.D.) are insurmountable.

Mere consent of the spouses means nothing. English law does not recognize divorce by consent. Two vital points should be investigated: (1) What proportion of marriages with A.I.D. offspring have remained happy after, say, ten years? (2) What proportion of both A.I.H. and A.I.D. children have grown up to be healthy, normal citizens?—LOUIS STENNING, 85 Harehills Avenue, Leeds, 8.

* * *

ONE POINT OCCURS TO ME which Dr. Graham omitted in his excellent article. He states that at special clinics as many as twenty women may be artificially inseminated with semen from one donor. Suppose that two of the children "fathered" by the same donor were later to marry. Wouldn't they be very liable to introduce an unhealthy strain into the human race?

Further, wouldn't sex relations in such a case constitute incest in the eyes of the Church and the law? I think there is a good case for limiting the number of inseminations by any one donor.—G. H. MACDONALD, 47B Harrington Gardens, Kensington, London, S.W.7.

* * *

WHAT COULD BE MORE CONTRARY to "natural law" than that young, virile men should sacrifice—no matter how willingly—their powers of procreation, as do the celibate priests of the Roman Catholic Church?

If, as that Church maintains, artificial insemination offends natural law, so also does the celibacy of the priesthood and only the features of "commission" and "omission" distinguish the two offences.—JAMES C. M. LISTON, 15 Orleans Avenue, Glasgow, W.4.

Private View of Sid Field

SELF-CONSCIOUS COMIC

THEATRICAL MANAGERS have many worries, but it is not often that they have to complain that their comedians are too funny. Sid Field produces so much laughter that on some nights it actually makes the show run overtime and this holds up the second house.

During the slump which has hit the West End theatres this summer his show has been doing so well that in July they were able to give the whole cast a week's holiday.

It is now more than four years since that sensational first night of George Black's *Strike a New Note*, when Sid Field, hitherto unknown in the West End, was hailed as a top comedian. Behind that "overnight success" lay thirty years of hard work and disappointment.

It all began in 1912 when a music teacher called Mrs. Kent looked out of her window in Birmingham and watched a little boy putting on an act on the pavement. Young Sid was dressed in his dad's trousers, and with the help of his small cousin as "feed," gave his own interpretation of Charlie Chaplin. She was astonished at his talent and went round to tell his parents that something ought to be done about it.

Mrs. Kent got him his first job at a salary of 7s. 6d. a week with the "Royal Kino Juveniles."

At fourteen he was an understudy to Wee Georgie Wood, but soon grew too tall for the job. Things were often pretty tough at that time and there were some weeks when he wasn't working, but he gradually made a name for himself as a singer and dancer. It was only behind the scenes that he was a comedian. He used to make the rest of the cast laugh with his funny faces and his gift for taking people off.

When Sid Field was twenty-six the leading funny man in the show he was in told him he would make a fortune doing the same things on the stage; shortly afterwards Sid accepted an offer to appear as a comic. (That funny man is now Sid's dresser.)

In the years that followed, mainly in revue and panto, he built up the technique which has given us "Slasher Green," "The Returned Convict," "The Golfer" and many others. He toured for a while in Australia and became well known in the provinces. A contract barred him from appearing in London; this, contrary to many reports, never worried him greatly.

His acts rely on situations rather than gags, and he has never been known to crack a "blue" one. His characters spring from life as he sees it and knows it. When the golf pro orders him to get behind the ball and Sid complains: "But it's behind the ball all round," he is speaking as one who has succeeded in bringing his own handicap down to eight.

On the stage he obviously enjoys himself. On most nights he and his stooge, Jerry Desmond, will spontaneously add new lines, some of which stick so that by the end of a run an act may have changed considerably. A writer may supply the outline for a new act, but most of it grows in rehearsal. Just now he is thinking over a yachting scene and there's always a new Slasher Green in the offing.

After Bob Hope saw his show he tried to persuade Sid to appear on Broadway. Sid is due to go to the States for a holiday next January and it's more than likely that he will fix something up. Maybe we'll be losing another great artist for quite a long time. Now, after years of struggle, he is coining big money, and he has the usual grumbles about surtax. But Sid Field, away from the places he knows and loves—and in the atmosphere of New York, and worse still of Hollywood—might not be such a proposition. . . .

Anyway, at forty-three, he lives in a fairly large house near Richmond, surrounded by a pleasant square garden in which he spends most mornings practising chip shots and putting. The house is being freshly painted and in the drawing-room he has just had fitted something he has always wanted—the latest thing in cocktail bars, with plenty of mirrors. He's a conscientious bar-fly. Even when alone he will go behind the counter, mix himself one, and walk round to the customer's side in order to drink it.

He shares the house with his wife, Connie, and two daughters: Diane, aged twelve, and Elaine, aged ten, who is known in the family as Tooty. He says that Connie, who used to be a dancer, understands him very, *very* well.

CONNIE is always saying: "Why don't you do something?" He has no hobbies and apart from the papers reads little else but crime stories. When his restless moods come on he usually goes to the Albany Club in Savile Row, but he is at his happiest in the Railway Hotel at Barnes. He is one of the regulars and can just have a bitter and be natural.

But the one thing he can't stand is being told funny stories. To ask Sid Field: "Have you heard this one?" is as tactless as asking a dentist if he knows how to pull teeth.

Even actors find that being famous takes quite a lot of getting used to. Sid is still selfconscious about it all and when walking in the street is genuinely scared that people will recognize him; the trouble is that they often do.

He will never forget a dreadful day last December—he even remembers the date: Friday the thirteenth—when his car broke down and he had to travel to town by tube. He was first spotted on the moving staircase at Hammersmith and for the rest of the journey was the centre of a small, admiring crowd. They never spoke to him; just stared—and discussed his merits and faults as if he were a waxwork. When the journey came to an end and he thought he had succeeded in losing himself among the crowds round Piccadilly, one of the Soho "barrer" boys gave him a nasty look and called after him:

"Oy, oy, Slash, givin' us a proper goin' over lately. . . . Turn it up a bit, will yer?"

Not 'alf likely he won't.

J. R. ST. JOHN

Talking Points About RENTS

RENT—THE PRICE ONE PAYS for a home—should ideally never exceed one-fifth of one's income, say economists. A hundred years ago one-tenth was considered the maximum for most people.

★ ★ ★

In 1920, to undercut the misery caused the working classes by high payments, rent control was started; and in March last year, rent tribunals were set up to which any victimized tenant could appeal.

★ ★ ★

Figures covering seventy-seven rent tribunals show that of 5,957 cases heard, 4,458 rents were reduced (by anything from twenty-one to forty-six per cent). Biggest rent cut on record was in Scotland; from £7 to 25s. a week.

★ ★ ★

To fight rent exploitation, Stepney Tenants' Defence League was formed in 1938 and secured reductions totalling £18,000. Then they marched through London's fashionable club-land singing:

You live up West, we live down East,
You get the best, we get the least.

★ ★ ★

Small-man property ownership has not been very profitable since 1920. Tenants have done better. There are several cases on record of flats, let at £4, being sub-let at £7 plus a demand for £600 for furniture worth £50. Mayfair flats at £600 to £1,000 a year plus £2,000 premiums always sell quickly.

★ ★ ★

Scunthorpe Corporation last year decided to charge squatters 10s. 3d. a week rent, inclusive of rates and electricity; discovered later that electricity consumption averaged 10s. 9d. a week.

★ ★ ★

Things to know: If a house is let on a weekly basis, the landlord must provide a rent book. If he doesn't, he commits an offence every time he collects money. If a tenant sub-lets his accommodation, he must report to landlord in writing within fourteen days sub-tenant's name and the rent he is paying.

★ ★ ★

The position of the rent-paying worker was summed up by a Government slum clearance circular in 1930: "As soon as a worker has children he needs a bigger house, and as soon as he has children he can't afford it."

★ ★ ★

A landlord is legally justified in recovering rent arrears by seizing the contents of a house. A few years ago a landlord seized some paintings which his artist-tenant was exhibiting in a Soho restaurant. The artist had no comeback.

★ ★ ★

Blandest rent idea was that of the landlord who decorated a row of controlled houses. One house fell vacant so he suggested that the next-door tenants should move in while their house, in turn, was decorated, and he even provided the furniture removers. Soon the whole row had moved one up. A few months later they all received notices to quit: the series of moves had "decontrolled" the houses.

★ ★ ★

Advertisement in a newspaper: "Wanted: 500 rats, by tenant whose lease is terminating and who is compelled by law to leave building in the state in which he found it."

Dressed in blankets and pieces of bunting, she appeared in the saloon

Woman Aboard

by CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

"NO WOMEN ALLOWED ABOARD!" snapped Captain Alcester, as the girl paused at the gangway-end and looked inquiringly up to the figure on the *Sumatra's* poop.

"I just wanted to know—to ask——!"

"Ask the piermaster. No women allowed aboard this ship!" The girl made a face at the austere shipmaster.

"Sour as green bananas, aren't you?" she jeered. As she loitered away, Alcester said to Mr. Faggot, first mate:

"Bad luck—a nuisance; no good to anyone, women!"

"Oh, well, sir, some ain't so bad," ventured the first mate tentatively. Before he joined the *Sumatra* he'd heard the waterfront gossip which named Alcester a virulent woman-hater. Since he was then smarting from a rebuff from the blonde barmaid at the "Foul Anchor," he thought such a ship was right up his street; but now he had fallen for an usherette in the nearby Mammoth Palace who promised to restore his broken faith in her sex.

"High and low, fat or thin, young or old," orated Alcester, "they are all tarred with the same brush. Trouble-bringers. Bad luck merchants—that's women. I could tell you tales. . . ." He did—at somewhat dreary length.

"Bad enough as visitors, worse as passengers! Poking their noses where they're not wanted, causing friction, needing attention—pah! Don't talk about women to me!"

"No, sir," said Mr. Faggot meekly, and, seeing the new crew down alongside, went to the gangway to supervise the embarkation. He had privately thought of inviting the usherette aboard to see him in uniform and to realize his standing, but it was better to stand in well with the

Captain Alcester thought sailors should be treated strictly and women, preferably, not at all. But his views went the way of ice-cream in a heat wave when fate planted Mrs. Garrity on his ship

skipper, whose company he would share closely for perhaps two years, and on whose approval depended his professional future.

One or two of the deckhands were accompanied by wives—anxious to get the remnants of their advance of wages.

"No women allowed aboard!" repeated Captain Alcester. The men came aboard to their monastic solitude; and the pilot arrived soon after.

Complacently, Alcester told the pilot: "You'll never see a skirt aboard any ship I command. I've never carried one yet but she brought the worst sort of luck."

In tow of a tug, the *Sumatra* trudged down-river, with the crew slowly sobering—but mindful of recent prohibitions, which bred growls in the fo'c'sle.

"Reg'lar hard-case packet, suppose you arsk me," said Medlock, an able seaman who looked exactly like a gorilla in sea slops.

"So long as the grub's good, a bloke can stummick a lot o' hazing," said Wendell, small, wiry, impertinent, who might become the accredited jester.

But the grub was not good, as the first real outward-bound meal proved. Basically it might have been excellent; but the hash-spoiler in the galley ruined it. After the pilot left and the *Sumatra* was on her own, a deputation trooped aft, with mess-kits full of a watery stew, and invited Alcester's inspection.

"Not fit for pigs!" complained Medlock, already looking truculent.

"It's the same as we get in the cabin," said the skipper. "Talk to the cook; don't give me any backchat!"

In the Channel-chops the *Sumatra* ran into a snifter that gave the crew something other to think about than ruined hash. For a period of four days the ship was wave-washed; the galley was cleaned out as if even the bare iron needed a sluicing. Tinned meat and hard tack sufficed and when things were at their worst, Alcester issued a tot of rum.

But with the return of fine weather, the ship then being in open sea, remote from land, the grumbling recommenced It promised to be a deplorable voyage. Not only was resentment smouldering against the after guard; but even in the fo'c'sle factions were forming; and quarrels became frequent.

"Like a lot of blistered Kilkenny cats!" fumed Mr. Faggot. "All at one another's throats. . . ." A lull succeeded the gale; the ship rolled in the long-running swells; jangle of chain, creak of spars, flap-flap of lifeless sails frayed men's tempers even more than the gale had done.

"Work 'em up, mister!" ordered Alcester. "Tired men can't grumble. Work 'em up, or by the living hookey I'll work you up!" After a week of this futile idling, the ship was like a bear garden. Captain Alcester brought a six-shooter on deck and ostentatiously practised marksmanship at floating bottles, tossed overside; he hit each one neatly, almost as it reached the water. The men required to work aft noted this and passed a warning for'ard.

"He can shoot the right eye out of a blinkin' moskeeter," said Wendell. "Cor, an' I took a squint down the skylight, it bein' open, an' the cartridges he's got—enough to stock an arsenal."

"Time his blinkety uppishness was took down a peg or two!" commented Medlock.

The whole fo'c'sle went into a huddle that second dog-watch and the mutiny-fret grew in their sullen blood.

Mr. Faggot and the second mate put belaying-pins into their pockets before venturing for'ard; and, because he sensed impending trouble, Captain Alcester loudly ordered the carpenter to fetch up and clean the ship's supply of handcuffs. "If we chain Wendell and Medlock down in the forepeak," he confided loudly, for the benefit of the helmsman—who'd acted as grapevine—"it means the others'll have to do their work, and all the better for 'em!"

Things brewed up during the night, because a couple of black squalls relieved the calm and gave all hands as much as they could handle. Pretty obviously, this weather meant the tail of a gale.

Mr. Faggot and the second mate made the belaying pins fly, and Captain Alcester served out firearms to the after-guard.

The foremast hands resolved, over morning coffee, to go aft in a body and demand satisfaction—or else! They were just mustering up courage sufficient to translate words into action when one of the boys sang out: "There's a boat adrift on the starboard bow!"

The second mate climbed to the mizen-top with the binoculars, and reported to Captain Alcester, on deck in readiness for what he felt was the psychological moment:

"There's people in her, sir—looks like wreckage, too!"

"All hands on deck!" ordered Alcester; and the ship ran down the wind to pick up the boat, in which were three men and a gaunt, unlovely woman.

Mrs. Garrity came aboard the *Sumatra*—slung in a bowline because of her weakness. The four proved to be the sole survivors of the *Plimsoll Line*, a nondescript barque that had foundered in the furious gale of which the *Sumatra* had experienced only the dying squalls.

This advent quietened the embryo mutineers a little. Tending the male castaways gave them other things to think about than their own misfortunes.

Mrs. Garrity was tended by the steward, an elderly and somewhat useless man. The first time he offered her a bowl of soup she asked indignantly: "What sort of hogwash do you call that?"

"It's the cook's special—best thing he turns out," remarked the cabin servant.

"It'd poison a rhinoceros," was Mrs. Garrity's comment. "High time I got better and took a hand!" Obviously a determined woman, she had no time to spare in invalid idleness; she made an astonishing recovery. Until fit to appear on deck, she busied herself with various blankets and bits of bunting and the like; and presently was dressed sensationally, if comfortably.

She appeared in the saloon for the midday meal looking like a slightly cockeyed rainbow. Captain Alcester, having been informed by the steward of the lady's intention to grace the festive board, went to his cabin to slick up, and was a moment or two late. He greeted Mrs. Garrity politely; hoped she did well.

"I'd do better of I had the running of your galley, mister!" she grunted ungraciously. The look of her plate showed her lack of appetite.

"It's hardly the place for a lady," commented Alcester.

"Who said I was a lady?" she contradicted. "Captain Garrity had no high-falutin' notions, let me tell you!"

"See what I mean—it's *much* too tight!"

After hearing crisp details of the shipwreck, Captain Alcester decided that his compulsory passenger was in a class by herself. He surmised that the late Garrity must have welcomed death as a happy release.

And he made no protest when Mrs. Garrity went for'ard shortly before teatime. True, a confused clamour broke out shortly afterwards, and the deckhands clustered in the wake of the galley door, and he heard loud and prolonged laughter. Since laughter from that quarter was better than complaints and threats, he took no notice. Not even when the greasy cook scudded from his kitchen and made the leap of a springbok over the sheer pole, and scrambled aloft as if the devil's most ingenious imps were prodding him.

Captain Alcester sniffed appreciatively when the steward set a lordly dish of corned beef hash before him at teatime.

The hash was flavourful, crisply browned, and the added condiments were exactly right.

"Of course I made it," stated Mrs. Garrity, when appealed to. "I never could understand why ships carried men cooks—the wastrels! That jacket of yours could do with a stitch or two around the lapels, captain."

The deckhands for'ard were too busy praising Mrs. Garrity's supper dish to remember past grievances.

"Eatin' this kinda grub," orated Medlock, "a cove forgets his sorrers."

"Ah!" said Wendell, scraping the kit for the last shreds.

"When do we break out?" asked a young seaman, not very ardently. "Seems as if we might be wastin' time."

"We'll see," said Medlock. "Grub of this sort ain't to be neglected."

The gale, subdued for a week, brewed up again; and big seas cascaded over the labouring *Sumatra*. Even the improved food which Mrs. Garrity served up didn't altogether atone for the drenched conditions. But the fact that she kept the galley fire burning day and night, for the men to dry out their dripping gear, made for equanimity

When Alcester descended to the saloon after a bleak deck watch, he found his lady passenger darning his socks beside the glowing stove. There was a bowl of hot soup simmering; its fragrance atoned for past discomforts. He still held that women were ill-luck bringers; but even he, set in his ways as he was, could not deny that the *Sumatra* was less of a smouldering volcano than she had been.

And when Mrs. Garrity loudly reprimanded the mate for throwing a belaying-pin at the cook—who had joined the deckhands, since there was no room for him in the galley—and demanded an improvement in his general language, the crew appreciated her action, too.

She was tireless in well-doing, though bitter as gall of tongue. She had a general muster of the crew and went over their kit with many accompanying clicks of the tongue to mark her opinion of their patching and darning. But she worked miracles with the statutory rations.

Pounded biscuits and dripping became fare fit for a royal palace. The galley was as clean as a favourite's boudoir.

When the once mutinous crew marched aft in a body to raise three cheers for the *Sumatra* and her captain, Mr. Faggot could not refrain from saying: "Doesn't seem to have brought a whole lot of bad luck, sir, having a woman aboard."

"You never know," said Alcester, guardedly. It was hard to find the faith of a lifetime shattered by events.

When the *Sumatra* reached her outward port the crew came aft in a body again. This time there was no raucousness. The men were well washed and shaven, and their bodies were fat and contented.

"Well, and what might it be this time?" said Alcester.

Medlock was the spokesman. "We'd like you to know, sir, as how we're well satisfied with the ship, if so be you'd overlook them awk'ard days at the start," he stated. "We'd not be above asking to stop aboard for the round trip." This had never before happened in Captain Alcester's experience; on every other occasion the crew had skipped ship at the first opportunity.

"Of course you'll stay," said Mrs. Garrity. "You've not seen half of what I can do at a cooking stove. With fresh food coming aboard I'll fatten you up so you'll take first prize at any show."

"Then, ma'am, you're staying on?" asked Medlock, grinning.

Mrs. Garrity linked arms with Captain Alcester in a possessive way.

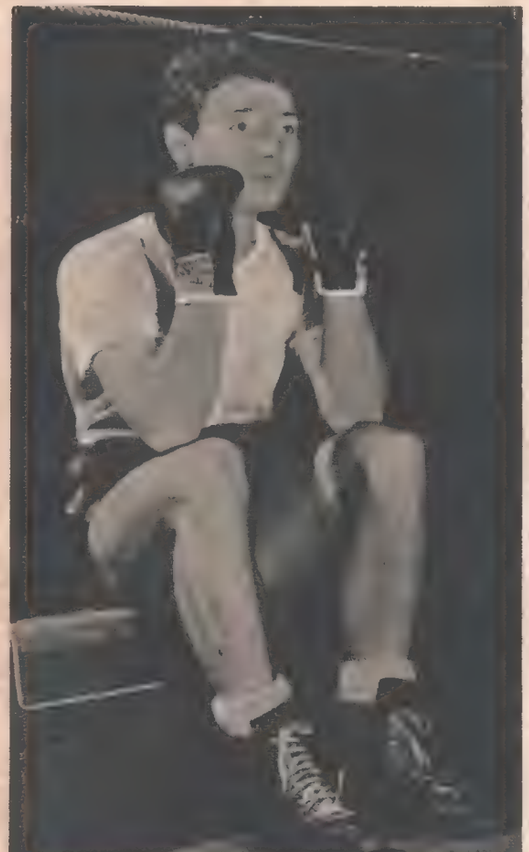
"'Course I'm staying on, man dear," she said. Her grip of the captain's arm tightened—tightened.

"I knew it—I knew it!" muttered Alcester to the mate. "Bad luck every time a woman comes aboard." And he bowed his head to fate.

GET OUR BOXING OFF THE MAT

by PAUL IRWIN

So long as punched-out pugs can make a few bob giving bad advice to young fighters, our champions will keep on falling down. Victory won't come until we realize that boxing is hard work



Tommy McGovern is one of Britain's best bets as a future champion. But he is U.S.-trained

Ray Arcel, wonder-trainer, massages Joe Baksi. Helping (left), our great ex-champ., "Kid" Lewis

BRITISH BOXING IS FLAT on its back after a series of humiliating defeats at the hands of American and Continental fighters. It looks like staying there for a long time.

From Bruce Woodcock, our heavyweight champion, right down the list to Jackie Patterson, forced officially to give up his world, Empire and British flyweight titles, there is hardly one man good enough to stop the rot.

As for the new crop, few appear to have a world-beating look—apart, maybe, from Randolph Turpin, the coloured battler from Leamington, and Tommy McGovern, now learning his trade in the States. Most of them make a poor lot. They may develop into British champions, but that doesn't amount to much outside the three-mile limit.

It is fashionable to blame our monumental failures on the nation's larder. I think nothing sounds quite so pathetic, nor so completely false, as this excuse.

Even in the days when we ate as well as anyone in the world, and a great deal better than most, we still floundered a long way behind America in boxing.

Am I wrong? Then tell me why we have not produced one world title-holder outside the flyweight class since the days of Ted "Kid" Lewis. And the tear-away Lewis, who came out of London's East End to carve a fortune with his fists, was in active circulation a quarter of a century ago.

The Easy Way: the Hard Way

The excuse that our boxers are beaten by their stomachs is too silly to be seriously considered. The general depression is due to something quite different. It is the failure of the average British boxer to appreciate the fact that fighting is his business. He cannot realize it is a trade just like plumbing or building—a job to be worked at all day and every day.

Training is a necessary evil to most boys able to use their fists. They will only get down to the routine if there is a fight in prospect; otherwise they prefer to roar around the countryside in fast cars or sit back and take life easy.

They do things differently in the States. For proof, there is the amount of hard, solid grafting to be seen any day of the year in Stillman's gymnasium, deep in the heart of New York. The same fighters are there to keep themselves in trim. Most are in the boxing game strictly for the money and they keep to regular "office" hours.

The American manager is directly responsible for the close monopoly held by the States on most of the world titles. He is tough and shrewd. And he is not wasting his time, or his money, on a fighter with a violent dislike for training. Training makes for fitness—and fitness goes a long way towards winning a bout. So the manager keeps the men in his "stable" well down to work.

Experts at their Service

If the boy is good, learns quickly, and shapes like a future champion, then only the best is good enough for him. Straightaway he gets the services of a first-class trainer—not simply a broken-down ex-pugilist, glad to earn his keep by imparting bad advice, but an expert able to command a high salary. The trainer knows his job. He expects—and receives—proper reward for his knowledge.

Ray Arcel, who trained Joe Baksi for his Harringay meeting with Bruce Woodcock, is a typical example of the American trainer. At a first meeting you would take him for a highly successful business executive. Here is a man who knows boxing from A to Z and back again. He knows what he wants. More important, he gets it. He is the "boss" from the moment he is called in to prepare the fighter for the job that lies ahead. If there is any sign of mutiny in the camp, he has the full backing of the manager.

Now Ray Arcel is one of the world's greatest at readying a man for the ring and nursing him through a fight. He climbs through the ropes at each round's end looking like a walking medicine chest. Around his waist is a belt holding surgical scissors, tape, plasters, and an assortment of bottles. Between his teeth are sticks tipped with cotton-wool, for cleaning the fighter's eyes and nose.

What a contrast to the average English trainer, quite happy to bring along a grimy sponge, a grimier towel, and a bucket of water. Not that all are like this. There are exceptions, and I put Nat Sellars, Harry Goodman and "Snowy" Buckingham on the list. We should probably see more like them if British managers generally were generous enough to pay the right sort of money.

Job for the B.B.B.C.

Unfortunately for the good of our boxing, few managers have learned their lesson from the States. Cheeseparing and grasping, they treat trainers as the sport's poor relations.

Here, if ever, is a worthwhile job for the British Boxing Board of Control, not exactly lacking in funds with its five per cent "cut" from box office receipts of all major tournaments. Charles Donmall, secretary of the Board, has a scheme outlined for a series of gymnasia all over the country. They are badly needed, I know, but an even greater need is a national school for trainers.

Taught their jobs as they should be done, they could go out to impart their knowledge to thousands of young boxers. I am sure the result would be an all-round boost in the number of boys with a definite chance of taking our badly battered reputation off the mat and putting it on the map.

Don't think the task is impossible. Every now and then we do manage to uncover a likely prospect—but for every discovery there are hundreds of youngsters whose enthusiasm is killed through lack of proper treatment at the beginning. Let's set out to give them a real chance.

Amateurs and "Pros" Must Combine

Both the Boxing Board, controlling the professional sport, and the Amateur Boxing Association can help to do the trick. There must be closer co-operation between the organizations. I know the amateur purists will hold up their hands in horror at such a suggestion, but it is my opinion that the "pros" have much to offer them.

The advice of ring-wise managers like Ted Broadribb, who took Tommy Farr to within an ace of winning the world championship from Joe Louis, would be invaluable to the amateur.

The professionals need more recruits like McGovern, tipped by Joe Louis as a future champion—and Randolph Turpin, who is my idea of a prospective world-beater if he is not rushed at his fences. Both were amateurs; both profited from the experience; and both are set to give our boxing a much needed "shot" in the arm.

Right now there should be started a really thorough campaign to find worthwhile material. It should begin in the schools, carry on to the boys' clubs, through the A.B.A. tournaments, right up to the professionals.

The British Tommy is the greatest scrapper the world has ever seen. It simply does not make sense that he should suddenly lose the knack as soon as he steps out of battledress—or does it? No one can supply the right answer to the question until Britain's boxing chiefs have got down to brass tacks and given Mr. Average Man the chance to show whether he can fight as well in the ring as he did on the beaches.

HOLIDAYS IN THE MELTING POT

by GORDON BECKLES

Back from the Holiday Trail which he has been following for John Bull, Beckles urges: Don't let mere tradition obstruct changes that must come

Holidays begin with the baggage scramble. "In America, this is all left to the hotel porter"

Britons still flock to the seaside. But wartime travel abroad gave some people new ideas

I SAT TALKING TO A LUCKY MAN I know. He was rather an important sort of man and on his way home from a holiday. What he said seemed important to me, too, for this summer 1,800 workers in his biggest factory have had paid holidays.

"They deserve it," he said, almost to himself, as he looked out of the train window. "But I don't know whether they've used the holiday time to their best advantage. I've always thought that perhaps we know all too little in this country about enjoying ourselves.

"But then," he explained, "I'm a lucky man. I've always enjoyed doing my job so much—long, long before I was able to make money out of it, and even when I was *losing* money out of it!"

And he sighed.

A score of questions arise in the mind of the returning holidaymaker who bothers to think about it all. What do *you* think? Well, what did our visitors think this summer?

Through Our Visitors' Eyes

There had been more than 200,000 of them up to the beginning of last month—nearly fifty per cent more than expected—but finding out just what they think of us as a holiday centre is more difficult than you might imagine. Frankness and good manners do not easily mix.

From many actual conversations with visitors I have tried here to present the thoughts of two composite visitors—one from the Continent (with a Franco-Belgian-Italian background) and one from America (where most of the "visiting money" comes from).

THE AMERICAN: Most of us coming over to Britain this summer have either been staying with friends and relatives or living in the better-class hotels. But from next year the ex-Service tourist will make up the majority of the visitors—that is, the American who can't afford to stay at the Savoy or Claridge's.

That is when the test will come. Those of us who can afford to stay at the big hotels know that in service, with all that word implies, the English hotels are as good as, if not better than, any others in the world.

You must understand the American idea of the big annual holiday.

Kids, including youngsters of undergraduate age, have one holiday much longer than the average school's summer holiday here. It's about three

Punchball, Pier, Concert Party. "But so few places for the visitor to sit down and reflect"

Grandma did this when she was young and two wars have failed to alter the scene

Now the sun's gone down and they all blame dad. That's part of the holiday tradition

months, at least. That allows a boy at college to get out and perhaps earn his keep at a holiday task, or knock about a bit.

Most families are fond of sending their children for a couple of months to a holiday camp—but that means something quite different to your holiday camp. It's in the woods near a lake, in the mountains or at the sea, and rather like a school without serious lessons. Most kids like it; a few hate it. They'd rather be at home.

Then we have another sort of camp—the sort our more economical tourists would like to see in Britain when they come: a little colony of bungalows on the edge of a town for the benefit of touring motorists. You can hire one for a pound a night. You don't have to tip hotel servants. You're your own master from the moment you pay your rent and get your key. You can cook for yourself from food bought at the camp's grocery and you can usually eat at a snack bar. We call these places "motels."

It gives the tourists a sense of independence.

A lot of this perhaps refers to pre-1942 America, but much of it is already back. What we would like to see in Britain in the future would be a good, cheap self-drive car-hire service for tourists. Americans enjoy being on their own and just knocking about, without the daily bother of tipping, railway trains, taxicabs and all the rest of it.

English trains are quaint, but their methods of handling our baggage are very irritating. We can never get over the English habit of just going along and claiming what you want from the guard's van at the end of the journey. It's all very honest, but we would much prefer the American and Continental method of registering our trunks, getting a numbered ticket and then leaving it to the porter at the hotel. Many American visitors get a bad first impression of British efficiency from the bungling of our baggage.

A Drink—and a Chat

Your licensing hours do not worry us perhaps as much as they may you. We are used to eccentric hours for the selling and drinking of alcohol.

Every one of the States has its own peculiar licensing laws. We are used to having the drink taken off the table of a restaurant car while the train passes through a "dry-Sunday" State and then put back again, perhaps when the train gets into a State where you can drink every hour out of the twenty-four.

Those of us who know England well say that there is much more friendliness in conversation now than there used to be. We Americans are a friendly people and we like talking with strangers and passing the time of day.

Just at the moment we have no complaint against English food or cooking. We quite understand. We will expect, and perhaps enjoy, for some years to come the fact that we visitors are in a country which was long at war when we were at peace, and we get sufficient of a thrill out of that knowledge.

But although we don't want to eat your food, we think it might well be served in more accommodating circumstances. It is no fun making a pilgrimage to Oxford by road and being told rudely that you cannot be served unless you have booked a luncheon. Hotels ought to make allowances for the ignorance of visitors from abroad. There seems a great deal of this "too late" business. Even a kind word and a sandwich can send the visitor away in a pleasant state of mind.

Small Things That Matter

Three minor criticisms: as coffee is not rationed, why cannot it be made properly? It's quite easy. You might make it especially for the "American taste" and charge a bit more. Then, why are you so sparing with ice? That shouldn't cost you much. We don't like warm beer in any weather, and least of all in the summer. And why not ice-water just for American visitors?

So much for my American type.

THE CONTINENTAL: What we think you lack most is the spirit of friendliness which in Continental towns is characterized by the café life. London, and all big towns in Britain, can be very lonely and tiring for the visitor who is a stranger to the country. There are so few places to sit down and just reflect on things when you have half an hour to spare.

We get too much the feeling of "club life," that possibly, for people who live here, and are "in the know," life is really much more pleasant than it appears to us from the outside. This is not a very hospitable attitude and explains why, before the war, so few Continentals ever wanted to come to Britain for pleasure.

They are coming now, of course, for curiosity.

Why cannot you sit in your pubs and places at any time, even for a cup of tea or a lemonade? Why must they be forever closing their doors. Beer and other drinks often run out abroad but the café proprietor does not immediately close his establishment. He tries to make the shortage up with other things.

This lack of enterprise shows itself in your food. Your Ministry of Food seems to have been preaching about new recipes for several years now, but English cooking is worse than ever. No imagination of any kind is used. It is deplorable to have a nice establishment, nice cutlery and tablecloths and then have food so terribly cooked.

We like your "weekend" habit as long as it is possible to get out into the country during the summer. But why is every effort made to keep Sunday so dull? In France, for instance, few bothered to leave Paris for the weekend until the American vogue of recent years. The big cities provided their own pleasures, concentrated on Sundays.

The seaside resorts lived mainly on English and American visitors.

We have the feeling that, like the clothes of the women, you do not make the best of yourselves, that there are many ways that you could make yourselves more attractive both to visitors and to your own benefit.

Things we like? The smartness of the men and the calm courtesy of people, which is different from formal and outward politeness.

Well, that is what the Continental thought.

Speaking for myself, I agree with all the criticisms made—except, possibly, for the one about the need for ice-water.

* * *

And this brings me back to my friend in the train—and the rest of you "natives" who spent your holidays in Britain this year.

The whole English holiday business, we agreed, is in the melting pot. The five-day week, the confusion of "staggering," its lack of co-ordination with school holidays, the organized camps, the revived lure of Continental travel are only some of the many factors to be considered.

Are our traditional holiday resorts out of date? Should we pay attention to making our cities so much more pleasant that the urge to escape from them is not so urgent? Is the conventional English family holiday too much of a strain for parents? And for the children?

Complaints? Many—which is natural and logical. Hundreds of thousands of people in the past few years have spent, well, not exactly holidays, but enough time abroad to see what they might not otherwise have seen — people living without the benefit of our nineteenth-century "holiday tradition."

The Biggest Handicap

I think that perhaps this very English "holiday tradition" is our biggest handicap—the tradition ordaining that such-and-such months are "holiday" months and that other months are "working" months.

"Our normal charge is four guineas . . . but of course in August we charge seven."

Why?

Some things—crowded trains, confusion, bad service—may be temporary.

But the fact remains that the greater part of the holiday map of Great Britain needs all the re-surveying that Whitehall, Mr. Butlin and other prophets suggest.

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

This is the last of the present series of pages in which J. B. Priestley comments frankly on topics suggested by readers. He ends the series with answers to questions specially put to him by the Editor of John Bull

Q. "Your page has been a feature of JOHN BULL *for over nine months. In that time, many important questions affecting the British people have arisen, and you have been able to give your views on these, as well as on more personal and perhaps trivial matters.*

"You are leaving us now at a time of great crisis in our national affairs, and before you go I am sure that readers would like you to answer this question: What can the ordinary man and woman best do to help our country in its present troubles; what, in your opinion, is the philosophy that will lead us out of the doubts and difficulties of today?"

FIRST, the ordinary man or woman must realize this: that, although our economic difficulties belong to historic conditions largely outside our own control, we British can undoubtedly save ourselves—and, I believe, help to save the world, if only by offering an example—by our own efforts.

We are a people more dominated and influenced by the past than many other peoples, but we must understand that the past cannot help us now.

We must accept the present, with all its challenge, and plan and work for the future.

In 1940 we realized that we all sank or swam together. We must understand that the situation is the same now.

We must stop worrying and nagging about our individual grievances—and I have just as many as you have, probably—and let them ride until better times arrive.

We must also stop believing all the nonsense that is floating about: for example, that Britain is in difficulties because we have plunged recklessly into wild Socialistic schemes (we have done nothing of the sort); that the possible return to wartime controls means totalitarianism; that civil servants, trade unionists, managers, any people but the class we happen to belong to ourselves, do no real work; that we need not bother trying to save ourselves because war is just round the corner; that our happiness depends *entirely* upon material things—the steak-and-silk-stocking point of view, now far too widely accepted.

We must understand that it is far more satisfactory to go without things in a society that is making a great creative effort to improve itself than it is to have a lot of things in a society that is headed for decay and dissolution.

We may not be as rich in raw materials and the sources of power as some other nations, but we are rich in skill, in political wisdom, in public service, in our knowledge of how to get along with people, in our traditions of justice, equity and tolerance. (An American psychologist said to me recently: "If there was a world state, most of its civil servants would have to be English.")

No peoples have made greater contributions to civilization than we have, and we still have much to contribute.

Let us take heart—and roll up our sleeves.

Q. "What are your plans for the future?"

THIS early part of the autumn I am making a tour of the country in order to see for myself what is happening, and to try to understand what ordinary folk are thinking and feeling these days.

Moreover, I know that many new experiments, industrial, educational, social, are now being made, that many constructive efforts are never reported, and I want to see these for myself.

Later in the autumn I may have to cross the Altantic on a public job. (This means, unfortunately, that I may have to miss the very important theatre conference, representing all branches of theatre workers throughout the country, that a group of us is already beginning to organize.)

I have a short novel, based on a play, *Jenny Villiers*, coming out later in the year; and at present have two plays running in London and many appearing abroad; so no more books and plays at the moment.

And that is quite enough about me.

Q. "What do you think about the questions put to you by readers of JOHN BULL*?"*

IT IS now more than thirty-five years since I first began contributing articles to newspapers and periodicals.

Of all the various series I have ever contributed, these answers to questions in JOHN BULL have given me the most pleasant and heartening task, and I can only hope that those who have followed the series have known at least a fraction of my own personal enjoyment.

It has been impossible to answer all the questions, of course, and some selection, chiefly on the grounds of general interest, has been inevitable.

But the general level of the questions confirms the view, which I have often expressed, and which has been confirmed by my recent experiences in the theatre and elsewhere, that the British people are far livelier in mind, far wider in their interests, and far more anxious to understand what is going on in the world about them than they used to be before the war.

I believe that with any luck we shall never slide back into the mental indolence and lack of curiosity which were among our less pleasant characteristics in the old days.

And here let me add that these answers to questions were never intended to be grand final pronouncements, settling the thing once and for all, but personal replies, representing one man's view, that might serve, as I know they often did, as starting points for friendly discussions at home or in the pub or club.

And if circumstances should permit, and JOHN BULL readers and the editor would some time like another go, then we will all take another crack at this question-and-answer game.

So—*au revoir!*

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

School for Craftsmen

THERE is no easy way of becoming a skilled craftsman. All trades have to be learned slowly and painfully: and it is only after years of apprenticeship and practice that a man may achieve that effortless skill that marks the master from the pupil.

Has it ever occurred to you that Life is a trade, and that you can only become skilled in the art of living by "serving your time" and learning your job? Yet it is so, and you can't begin to learn the job too soon.

Someone once said: "The apprenticeship of difficulty is one which the greatest men have had to serve." That is a great phrase—"the apprenticeship of difficulty." No one who has not served that apprenticeship can ever make much of the trade of living.

For, to instance but one result, it is usually difficulty that brings out a man's dormant powers and shows him just how much he can do when he really tries. It is not ease and comfort that produces action. It is trial and difficulty and often sheer disaster. Heroes are not found in armchairs!

It is this apprenticeship of difficulty that trains self-reliance, and it is self-reliance that breeds self-confidence. "If there were no difficulties there would be no need of effort" wrote someone: "If there were no temptations there would be no training in self-control, and but little merit in virtue." It is, in fact, only through struggle that strength and self-discipline can be developed.

Now, qualities such as these are the tools a man needs in order to get on terms with Life. They are as much a necessity to anyone who means to *live* as hammers and saws to a carpenter, or spades and forks to a gardener. And it is only through the apprenticeship of difficulty that we can learn to use them.

Burke, one of the greatest of English statesmen, said grimly: "I was not rocked, and swaddled, and dandled into a legislator!" Nor was anyone else ever "rocked and swaddled and dandled" into anything worth while. Success is not attained that way—ever.

FREE SPEECH

IT SEEMS TO BE A HABIT when aid from America is mentioned for a certain section of the public here to point out that we shall end up as one of the United States.

Who greatly cares? I see no harm in becoming another star in the flag of the U.S.A. if this means living richly, like the Americans. We should be their greatest star and in the process of time, we might again prove their guiding star.

Which is the more important to maintain: the security and happiness of millions of people or the traditions of individual countries? — W. M. STREATFIELD, 68 Lipson Road, Plymouth.

So This is London!

SITTING NEAR ME in a bus today I noticed two small girls, the younger of whom produced money and asked for two children's tickets. The conductor said rudely to the elder, "How old are you?"

The younger girl replied, "She's nearly fourteen." The conductor mumbled, "Why can't she speak for herself?" The elder girl said nothing but kept smiling up at him. Thrusting the tickets in her hand, the conductor walked away grumbling.

When he had gone the smaller girl said to me, "My friend couldn't say anything to him. She's Dutch." On her first visit to England the little Dutch girl was given a nice example of the courtesy of our London busmen to tell her friends at home.—E. C. RANDELL, 22 Stafford Road, Sidcup, Kent.

So This is England!

MAY I CALL YOUR ATTENTION to advertisements in California, inviting Americans like myself to England and stating that you need our dollars.

I came over last month intending to tour England, but because I flew over and had to leave my car behind, I was refused petrol coupons.

Gifts of silverware, etc., have a heavy purchase tax. Good English china and antiques are a fabulous price. Clothes need coupons, and we are only allowed twelve for six months.

It is, in fact, impossible for us Americans to spend dollars in England.—MAY B. WRIGHT, 32 Yarningale Road, Birmingham.

So This is the World!

THIS FREEDOM! The Soviet Government refuses to permit a handful of its citizens married to Englishmen to leave Soviet territory.

In the U.S.A. lynchings still take place and, what is worse, are tolerated by large sections of the community.

The British Commonwealth still upholds the colour bar in South Africa.

Franco Spain is a police state, and half the Balkans, together with Poland and Czechoslovakia, are puppets that do as the Kremlin tells them.

Now our Government is taking the very powers they attacked Hitler for assuming.

Is there any place in the world where freedom and liberty are something other than phrases from a history or a poetry book?—W. REEVE, 9 Thorncombe Road, London, S.E.22.

A Plea for Decency

I AM A FOURTEEN - YEAR - OLD schoolgirl and I would like to comment on this horrible, detestable flirting between men and women and boys and girls.

I almost feel sick whenever I hear that hideous whistle. Have people nowadays no sense of decency? Can they not see that they are only making degraded fools of themselves?

Real love is pure and good whereas this other is deceitful and ugly. This degradation to our nation is like a weed in a garden which multiplies and multiplies until it is too deeply rooted to get rid of.—LILIAN G. PEARCEY, 5 Colenso Parade, Stranmillis, Belfast.

On Flirting in Public

This couple wouldn't agree with a young reader who has a few critical things to say about people who flirt in public

On the U.S. Way of Life

Sunday dinner for an American family. If we could live like this why *not* become a part of the United States? asks a reader

On our "Hospitality"

Dutch girl meets friend as she arrives in England. But a reader was a witness of another welcome that was not so warm

"Gimme-the-lot" Citizens

BEFORE BLAMING THE GOVERNMENT for all our troubles, it would be well for some people—usually the loudest in their condemnation—to check up on their own conscience.

I refer to the individual selfishness so prevalent in this country today. So long as he or she is satisfied with life as it stands for them, precious little thought is ever given to a more unfortunate neighbour.

I recently witnessed a typical scene in a cigarette queue. A limited supply of a popular brand was being sold, one packet to each customer.

In front of me a woman reached the counter, leaned over, and in a whisper asked if she could have a hundred. Not a thought for those others in the queue.—W. N. BAKER, 5 Oakhurst Avenue, Bexleyheath.

Currency Loophole

THE GOVERNMENT rightly reduced the spending allowance for travel abroad to £35, but this was only applied to European countries and "hard currency" areas.

There is nothing to prevent anyone from going to, say, South Africa or New Zealand and spending as much as he likes.

While no financial hindrance should be put in the way of those emigrating to take on a job of work, people simply going away for pleasure or to escape the English winter should surely not be allowed to transfer large amounts out of the country at the present time.

We shall always have these "drones" with us, but their often useless existence should not be made easier for them during the present economic crisis.—E. A. GRAHAM, 40 Portland Avenue, Hove, Sussex.

The Good Old Days

WHY ALL THIS FUSS over the film cut? I am seventy-seven and I think it would be much better if most of the cinemas closed and we returned to the old-time music hall of Dan Leno, Lottie Collins, Marie Lloyd, Kate Karney and the rest.

That was the time of gaiety and brightness, which to my mind was so much better than looking at flicking photographs and listening to canned music.—W. J. ALLDRIDGE, 55 Duke Road, Chiswick, W.4.

You Can't Sting Scotsmen

THE OLD ARMY NONSENSE still prevails, it seems. In Singapore anti-malaria precautions against mosquito bites lay down that, when wearing uniform in the evening, slacks must be worn, though sleeves may be left rolled up to the elbow.

But, in the case of Scottish regiments, kilts may be worn.

Apparently Scotsmen, when in uniform, are impervious to mosquito bites.—SGT. S. A., Singapore. (Name and unit enclosed.)

Hot Tip for a Soldier

ON BEING DEMOBILIZED after five years' foreign service I went to my local Resettlement and Advice Bureau thinking that some helpful advice would be forthcoming. I was advised to read the Situations Vacant column in the newspapers. I hope this isn't typical.—C. ELLAM, 4 Ashdown Street, Kentish Town, N.W.5.

The Melody Maker

THE TIME WAS 5.30 a.m.; the scene, a railway compartment; the characters, sleepy workmen, long-distance travellers and an R.A.F. type with his head pillowed on a portable gramophone. Someone persuaded the airman to play some music and as a cheery tune rang out dull faces broke into smiles, sleepers woke, stretched and grinned, strangers laughed and joked, the workmen got off and went to their jobs whistling.

When the Government takes over the railways they might consider music as a means of relieving the monotony of travel. —F. G. SANDERSON, 42 Brooksbank Avenue, Redcar, Yorks.

Tractor Hire-service

FARMING MACHINERY is pretty expensive and so far only big farming combines and well-to-do farmers have been able to afford it.

It would be in the national interest to institute hire services of such machinery, run by the rural district councils, so giving small farmers the chance of bigger and quicker harvesting if the weather threatens.

The cost to the farmer should be no higher than his present expenditure for hired harvest labourers.—E. WOOD, 24 Porchester Terrace, London, W.2.

Herrenvolk Still

I HAVE DURING THE PAST FEW months had the opportunity of studying a group of German p.o.w.s for hours at a time, and of observing how they use that freedom which they never gave to our men as p.o.w.s.

They are well dressed and obviously well fed, and I would wager that they draw better rations than I do. They seem to have plenty of money, and more cigarettes and other comforts than I, as a disabled Service man of the first World War, can afford.

They are very arrogant, comporting themselves more as conquerors than as beaten men.

I have no blind hatred for the Germans, but how can any reasonable being advocate a liking for a race that has brought such terrible suffering to the rest of the

by Ian Fox

Pebbles on the Beach

HERE we are on the beach, children. Isn't the sand lovely? Now, mummy's going to sit here and talk to Auntie Mabel, so play quietly, dears. Daphne, look after Tommy and keep an eye on baby. . . .

Are you comfortable, Mabel? Well, now, you asked me about Annie and George. My dear, I can hardly tell you. Such a shock. . . .

Tommy! Take that seaweed out of your mouth at once. No, you mustn't. I don't care if it does taste nice, mummy says No. . . .

Where was I? Well, this girl, a blonde she was . . . which girl? Oh, I thought I told you. Of course, I don't know much about her; nobody does, but by all accounts, and from what Annie says, she was . . . *Tommy!*

Naughty! Stop filling auntie's shoes with sand. . . .

It was the scandal that worried Annie so. After all, they'd only been married three months. And everyone at the wedding thought how lucky Annie was because, as you know, she's no oil painting, and George coming down from the altar looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and all the time. . . .

Yes, Daphne, I'm looking. It's a lovely sand castle. Not a castle—what is it then? A prefab! You'd better not let Aneurin Bevan catch you building prefabs without permission or you'll get your licence revoked.

Annie made me swear not to tell anyone about it, but I know you won't repeat it. There were a lot of things. One day, for instance, she was folding George's jacket and in the pocket she found. . . .

Tommy, stop it at once! You mustn't hit that little girl with your spade. I don't care if she did, you're a very naughty boy. Daphne, take him in to paddle. . . .

Of course, George was acting the innocent all the time. Annie said he behaved as though nothing was happening, except that he seemed unaccountably happy.

Then came the climax. I was really shocked when Annie told me. In fact, I hardly care to repeat it. It seems that Annie went into the room, and what do you think she found? There was George. . . .

Baby! He's fallen in the water! All right, pet, mummy's coming. . . . There, there! Daphne, why didn't you watch him? No, Tommy, you can't have an ice cream. Mabel, you stay with these two. I must take baby straight back for some dry clothes. . . .

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

world twice in my generation alone? I am convinced that Germany, given the opportunity, will plunge the world into war again.

We can only hope that this generation will not be as lax and gullible as mine proved to be.—W. J. C. O'NEILL, 5 Margaret Place, Falmouth, Cornwall.

Parson or Magistrate?

IN YOUR TALKING POINT about Magistrates (JOHN BULL, July 26) you say that no parson may become a magistrate. The present Mayor of Ramsgate's predecessor, a clergyman, in consequence of his election to the chief citizenship of the town, was entitled to, and in fact accepted the Chairmanship of the Borough Magistrates' Court and presided as the Chief Magistrate.

Is not, therefore, your statement misleading, or is there some explanation?—A. E. BRAY, Probation Officer, 73 High Street, Margate.

∴ Talking Point quite correct. It is true that a parson who becomes a mayor, does automatically become an ex-officio Justice of the Peace, but if the Lord Chancellor learns that he is performing as such the parson would be asked to stop. We understand that the above case was never brought to the Lord Chancellor's notice, so nothing was done about it.—EDITOR.

Innocent Jews

RECENT REPORTS of anti-Jewish rioting by British citizens have filled me with disgust.

Surely even the most stupid person must realize that the Jews of England are not responsible for the acts of a handful of fanatics here in Palestine? People who indulge in window smashing and fire raising are a disgrace to the land of their birth.—PTE. X, 7th Parachute Bn., British Forces in Palestine. (Name and address enclosed.)

Forget the Past

I AM A TEENAGER and fully realize my responsibilities as a member of the generation which will carry on the work of rebuilding our country. And yet I am being continually informed by people who lived through two or three wars that the country is on the down grade: morals, standards of living, and general behaviour are sinking and there is no hope of returning to the prewar standard. If people would stop referring to the age before the last war as a kind of Utopia and concentrate on raising our present levels we might find a silver lining in the present clouds.—C. J. P., Cardiff. (Name and address enclosed.)

Happy Hobo

A SUPER-TRAMP I saw the other day has solved the problem of living in a caravan and travelling hundreds of miles without petrol worries.

He has constructed a very light caravan providing sleeping accommodation for his wife and himself—and drawn by a pushbike. When hills are encountered his wife gets out and pushes.—C. E. WELCH, 40 Newburgh Crescent, Warwick.

International Black Market

I AM A BELGIAN GIRL married to an Englishman in 1945. During the German occupation it was quite the thing to buy clothing coupons in the Rue Neuve. But it was a great surprise, recently, when I went to Belgium and was actually offered English clothing coupons at twenty francs (2s. 3d.) each. How did they get across? Is the black market more international than the legitimate one?—MARIE THERÈSE AINSWORTH, 10 Invieford Road, Helsby, near Warrington.

A Word for It

WHEN A CABINET MINISTER calls the scum of the country "spivs," it exasperates anyone not versed in such flowery words.

What with spivs, gangsters, dead-end kids and goodtime girls and other fancy names it is hard to tell where virtue ends and sin starts.

Take the word "cad," which has become a music hall joke. Thirty or forty years ago the very idea of being called a cad was enough to make one think again if any infamous ideas entered one's mind.

If we called our wrongdoers what they are—thieves, rogues, whores and prostitutes—young people would think twice before embarking on a life of crime or ill fame. — "BACHELOR," Newcastle-on-Tyne). (Name and address enclosed.)

No Bus for Children

EVERY WEEK EIGHTEEN BUSES are lined outside the Dunmore Park dog track, Belfast, to take men home from the races. I am a Sunday School teacher, aged sixteen, and when I tried to take the children on a day's outing recently, I could not get a bus for them.—MISS EILEEN CROMIE, 152 Mountcollyer Street, Belfast.

M.P.s Should Hide Nothing?

THE COMMITTEE investigating the leakage of "confidential information" from party meetings has found an M.P. guilty of breach of privilege.

In peacetime, surely, no part of an M.P.'s duties should be "confidential." His business is our business.—J. RIMINGTON, 21 Quarry Rise, Cheam, Surrey.

Poor Hubby

THE HOUSEWIFE is the most effective striker I know. She can create chaos and disorder in the home if poor hubby does not yield to her demands—in which case he will have to prepare his own breakfast in the morning and darn his socks when he comes home in the evening.

Let there be no more of this nonsense about housewives' inability to strike. They can, and they do!—E. EVANS, 116 Fyla Celyn Road, Penygraig, Rhondda, Glam.

★ LETTERS *intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address of the sender must be given (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER

MIGUEL MACKINLAY, who painted our cover, is an enthusiastic gardener as well as an artist, and he takes special pride in his tomatoes which he grows in a cold greenhouse. The crop is usually earlier than that of his neighbours and the trusses on each plant heavier and more numerous, but Mackinlay has his own methods which he keeps to himself. The lavish display of colour in the greenhouse appealed to his artistic eye, and he could not resist painting the crop for "John Bull" before gathering it.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

WILD WEST

(1) What was "Wild Bill's" surname, and on which side of the law was he? (2) Who is Annie of *Annie, Get Your Gun*? (3) Was scalping always fatal? (4) What were the name and colour of Tom Mix's horse? (5) Why was "Buffalo Bill Cody's" nickname strictly a misnomer?

SHAKESPEARE

(1) What emotion actuates Othello? (2) At which theatre were many of Shakespeare's plays first produced? (3) Who said, "Is this a dagger which I see before me," and where? (4) Whom do some people believe to be the real author of Shakespeare's plays? (5) Who were the Montagues and the Capulets?

COUNTRY

(1) What is a farrow; a harrow? (2) What are Southdowns; Shanghais? (3) They don't have nettles in America—what do they have that is similarly to be avoided? (4) Is lime-sulphur a good fertilizer? (5) What are male turkeys called; male bees?

YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBOURS

(1) If a branch of your neighbour's tree overhangs your garden may you lop it off and eat the apples on it? (2) If the smoke from a nearby factory is continually drifting in at your window, can you call upon the owner to do something about it? (3) What are "ancient lights"? (4) What is the basis of the theory that every dog is allowed one bite? (5) If the next-door hen walks into your garden and lays an egg, whose is it?

GAMES

(1) In what game might you agree to the "Two Club Convention"? (2) What is the main object of each player at chess? (3) What happens when the score reaches twenty-all at table tennis? (4) What do the three unmarked rings on a dartboard score? (5) In what game are the pieces referred to as bones, pieces, men, stones, or cards?

(*Answers on page 22*)

"You're not particularly friendly," she said. "What is it? Don't you like me?"

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

MR. BROWN AND THE MERMAID

by CHARLES HUGH

Of Mr. Brown, suburban bank clerk, one thing at least could be said: that when Romance finally entered his humdrum life he did not hesitate in taking the plunge

MR. BROWN woke very early on that first morning of his holiday. The boarding house bedroom was stuffy, and it seemed to him that he had spent half the night listening to his wife's heavy breathing.

It was barely light when he got up, just a faint glimmer that allowed him to see the depressing furniture, the green stripes of the wallpaper that offended his taste so much, and the face of his wife half buried in her pillow. Even in her sleep she looked determined, he thought, aggressively sure of her rights as a respectable married woman. He sighed, and went to the window.

Outside, the sea was almost luminous in the false dawn. In the bay the black hump of Gannet Rock seemed out of place: like a dark stain, he thought, in the middle of an opal.

He put on his bathing dress and mackintosh and stole out of the room. Soon he was standing on the promenade.

As yet no one was about—it was too early even for the gulls. Mr. Brown thought of the thousands of people who were sleeping in stuffy hotel bedrooms, wasting this time. Soon they would wake, dress, and go down to rooms smelling of kippers. Later, they would go out into the blazing day, lie on the teeming beach, wander on the crowded promenade. And they would have missed this moment when the world was clean and new.

He was happy, and yet sad. Happy because beauty always made him so, sad because he was lonely. He wished that there was somebody to stand beside him and see this dawn.

I wish—he thought—oh, I do wish Agatha could look at the graceful side of life with me sometimes. If only she could pause and see beyond the kitchen sink!

He walked towards the beach.

I must not have these thoughts, he told himself. She's a good wife, even if she is a bit short with me sometimes. I'm no great catch, anyway. Nobody else would have me.

On the beach he slipped off his mackintosh and waded into the water. As he walked he eyed his puny body with distaste, thinking how ugly he looked in the fairness of the morning. But the water was warm as milk, and as he swam toward the raft he forgot his cares.

At least I can swim well, he thought.

The sun was just rising, and it lit a glowing track upon the water. Into this track Mr. Brown swam, thinking of the Vikings who followed the sunset as they sought the Western world. He could see the raft ahead of him; in the sun path he followed it looked small and black and remote. But at last he climbed aboard.

He sat down and stared out to sea. As the sun rose a mist lifted from the water and some gulls appeared, wheeling in flashing circles. To Mr. Brown their lonely cries told of great distances, of things beyond the horizon, waiting to be found. He sat and gazed, looking for something, he did not know what.

A gull landed on the water, rearranged its feathers and then floated comfortably, eyeing Mr. Brown with scorn. Mr. Brown looked at the gull for a time, and then found himself addressing it.

"You know, you old scoundrel," he said, "you know where there's a place

where there are no banks and no kitchen sinks. Lucky old gull!"

The bird raised its head indignantly, then scrambled off the water and rose gracefully into the air.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Brown. "I forgot we hadn't been introduced."

There was a laugh behind him, and a voice said:

"They hate being interrupted. That one was thinking of fish."

"Yes," replied Mr. Brown, "I suppose he was. It's a nice day for fishing. Good heavens!" he said, "I thought I was alone on the raft!"

He turned quickly; he had heard nobody get on to the raft. Yet there was a girl sitting on the other side, her back towards him, looking at him over her shoulder. She was laughing, and her laughter was lovely to hear.

The first thing that Mr. Brown noticed was her hair, that rippled and flashed down her back till it formed a gleaming pool on the planks of the raft. He saw the dazzling whiteness of her skin, and the long slender arms on which she leant back as she laughed. Then he noticed something else, and such was his agitation that he flopped bodily into the water, and rose to the surface gasping.

The lady looked at him wide-eyed. They were wonderful eyes, deep blue and dancing with mirth.

"Good gracious!" she said, "whatever made you do that? Are you pretending to be a walrus?"

MR. BROWN trod water violently. "I beg your pardon," he spluttered, "I do so beg your pardon! I had no idea—thought I was alone. I'm going now, anyway. I'm so sorry—wouldn't have for the world!" And he started to swim away.

The girl looked puzzled, then indignant.

"Hey!" she called, "wherever are you going? You're not very friendly! What's the matter?"

Mr. Brown turned; he couldn't help it. The occupant of the raft was facing him now, and what he saw only added to his confusion. But so innocent was the look of surprise on the girl's face that, in spite of himself, he swam back to the raft.

"Well," asked the vision, "what is it? Don't you like me?"

"It's not that," declared Mr. Brown, "it's your—er—bathing dress. I mean, you haven't—I didn't want to embarrass you."

"Embarrass? Bathing dress?" She frowned in bewilderment. Then, softly: "Come back and talk to me! I'm so lonely. I thought you looked nice, so I climbed on to the raft. Father said I wasn't to speak to landmen, but I thought it wouldn't matter this once. Do come back!"

Mr. Brown found himself sitting beside her. What of his branch manager, what of Agatha asleep in "Bay View"? And did he care? There never was any girl so beautiful; her voice had the waves in it, and brought him all the things he had longed for. He was utterly happy; but he kept looking away.

"Why don't you look at me?" she asked. "Aren't I lovely to look at?"

"You are—oh, you are!" he replied. "Almost too lovely. But no bathing dress—it isn't usual!" he kicked the water into foam in his confusion.

She thought for a moment, then:

"I know!" she exclaimed. "You mean those ugly things you cover yourselves with. Do stop being silly. I'm very beautiful and a bathing dress couldn't make me look nicer. What do you do on land?"

Mr. Brown forgot to look away.

"I work in a bank," he said.

"A bank? What's that?"

"Oh, money. We look after people's

Continued on page 21

as I was saying.... by Herbert Hodge

THE GOOD SOLDIER ALEX

Into an age of appalling poverty was born, lived and died a great Briton who should be remembered whenever we complain that life today is not all it should be

I'VE JUST BEEN READING an exciting bit of history—written by the man who lived it. The trouble with history, it seems to me, is that it's mostly been written by people living in comparatively comfortable circumstances.

We know a lot about what the nobility and gentry thought about the times they lived in, but very little about what the ordinary people thought.

For instance, I think I know exactly what the Duke of Wellington thought when he looked at his army and said it was composed of the scum of the earth—but I don't know what the scum really thought when they looked at the Duke of Wellington.

Few of the scum could write in those days, of course, so they weren't able to set down their thoughts for us to read.

★ ★ ★

BUT, poking about on my favourite second-hand bookstall the other day, I came across an old book published in 1848.

It's called *The Autobiography of a Working Man, By One Who Has Whistled At The Plough,* and it's written by one of Wellington's scum—Alexander Somerville, who served as a trooper in the Scots Greys.

Somerville was one of the few who had learned to read and write. Although brought up in great poverty, the eleventh child of a Scottish farm labourer, he had the benefit of a parish school.

In this, he says, the Scots had a great advantage over the English.

★ ★ ★

HE, himself, was too young to fight at Waterloo. He was born in 1811. He worked from boyhood as a cowherd, sawyer, and general labourer, and joined the Scots Greys just in time to fight in an altogether different kind of battle—the political battle of the Reform Bill, in 1832.

The House of Commons had passed it, but the Lords had turned it down. The rumour went round that the Duke of Wellington intended to use the Army to back the Lords against the Commons.

Popular feeling supported the Commons. Demonstrations were organized to march from all over the country to Parliament in protest.

The men of the Scots Greys who were stationed at Birmingham, were ordered to roughen the edges of their swords (so as to inflict ragged wounds).

This convinced Somerville and his comrades that the duke meant to use them to break up local demonstrations. They talked it over and decided that their duty was to support the House of Commons and the people.

★ ★ ★

THEY wrote to the duke, to the War Office, and to the newspapers. And, just to make sure their views would be known, they dropped letters about the streets. All these letters were written, of course, on the "no names, no pack-drill" principle.

The writers said they knew it was their duty to put down rioting, but they added: "If you do nothing but make speeches, sign petitions, and go peaceably to present them, though you go in tens of thousands, the Greys will not prevent you."

★ ★ ★

POPULAR feeling was so stirred up that the Lords gave way and the Reform Bill became law. But the officers of the Greys went on looking for the authors of those letters.

Somerville had written what he describes as "love-verses," which had been published in a local paper. One of the officers' ladies admired them, and asked him to give her a copy of a poem, in his own handwriting, for her album.

That, of course, was his undoing. The handwriting of the poem was compared with that of one of the letters, and the truth was out.

The letter itself (one sent to a newspaper and displayed at its London office) was so carefully worded that the writing of it was no crime, and Somerville had an excellent record as a soldier. However, since there was a will, there was also a way. Somerville was ordered to mount a particularly obstreperous horse; both he and the horse were hurried and scurried until the horse was completely out of control and the rider almost out of his wits.

Finally, he dismounted; was ordered to mount; said he couldn't manage the horse; was put under arrest for refusing to obey an order; court-martialled, found guilty, and given a hundred lashes.

But the major who awarded him the lashes made one mistake. He said to Somerville: "You are fond of writing to the newspapers, I believe." And he said to the regiment, assembled to see Somerville flogged: "I have at last discovered the man who wrote the letter."

The newspapers took it up. The people of Birmingham booed the officers in the streets. A subscription was raised for Somerville, which bought his discharge.

★ ★ ★

FINALLY, there was a court of inquiry which, after hearing the evidence, gently reproved the major for "acting injudiciously" in mentioning the letter when trying Somerville for a purely military offence.

Somerville was born in a shed in Scotland. He died in a shed in Toronto.

He won no medals, made no money, received no titles. But he ploughed a good many fields, sawed a fair amount of timber, wrote some half-dozen books, and generally seems to have been a full-sized man.

I had intended to write about the daily life of the Somerville family (ten of them in a shed, fourteen feet by twelve, living on oatmeal, potatoes, and a bread made out of barley and beans) and what they thought and felt about it all. But I must leave that for another time.

Meanwhile, I'm feeling that if the Somervilles could do the fine things they did, and think the great thoughts they thought, living under those appalling conditions of a hundred years ago—why, then, there's no reason why we shouldn't do as well as they did, even on our bread and marge of today.

Herbert Hodge's wise and witty reflections on life are a regular feature of John Bull

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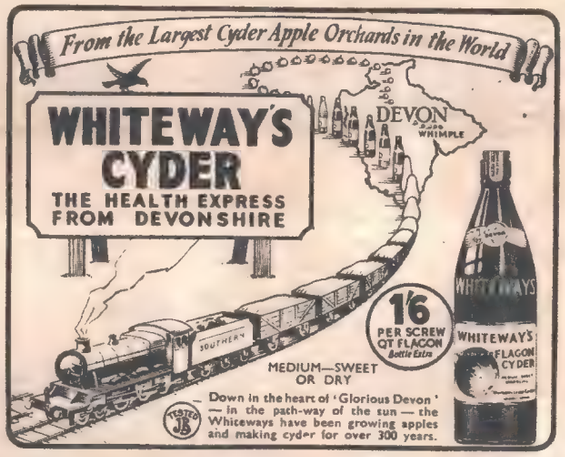

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RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

Ladies in Distress. Although his duties are to establish order in the lawless West, "Bat" Masterson, played by Randolph Scott, takes time out to assist Anne Jeffreys and Madge Meredith in RKO's "Trail Street" The cast includes co-stars "Gabby" Hayes and Robert Ryan and other featured players.

Romantic Pair. Pretty Shirley Temple and handsome Guy Madison make a happy combination in a new, gay romantic comedy "Two Men and a Girl", in which RKO co-stars the youthful pair with Franchot Tone. Based on a Vicki Baum story, this comedy gives all its principals outstanding roles.

Serious Situation. Henry Fonda, above, is wedged into a desperate position in this dramatic close-up from "The Long Night", a Hakim - Litvak production. Spotlighted in the star cast is screen newcomer Barbara Bel Geddes, star from the Broadway stage, Vincent Price and Ann Dvorak.

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Continued from page 18

money. It doesn't matter now. You wouldn't like it there, you know." His gesture embraced the whole of the sleeping town. "Where do you live?"

"Over there." She pointed to Gannet Rock, naively pleased at his interest. "In a cave under the rock. Only it's dull at present. All my family's away in the Atlantic, except grandfather and me. I had to stay behind to look after him. He's got barnacles, poor old dear, and it makes him very testy. Why were you talking to the gull like that?"

Mr. Brown was a reticent man, but it was without restraint that he found himself answering.

"I was lonely," he said, "but I didn't know why. I thought the gull might know."

"Are you lonely now?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "and I think you know what it was I was missing. Tell me."

So they sat and talked in the most natural manner in the world, and she told him what lay beyond the horizon and what moved in the blue depths. He saw the rainbow in the sea spray; he heard the laughter in the wind and felt the beauty of the world. And he was free for the first time in his life; for she told him all he wanted to know, all that he needed to make him happy. And he forgot about the bank, and the boarding house, and the smell of cabbage in the hall. And she laughed as she sat talking, and combed her hair with a coral comb.

At last some figures could be seen moving on the distant beach. Mr. Brown's everyday mind reasserted itself, and he found himself hoping that nobody on the beach had fieldglasses. The girl stopped laughing, too. She said quietly:

"It's full day now. I shouldn't have stayed so long, but I didn't want to go. Grandfather will be furious if I don't get home soon. You will come back, won't you? Come back to me and let me show you all the things and the places I've told you about?"

"I can't," he replied. "I must go home to my work and my wife."

"Does she want you?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered truthfully. "I don't think it's me she wants; I think it's just her house, and I belong to that." He blushed. "How wrong of me!" he said. "I must go."

"You will come back."

"I can't."

"You will. Swim back to land now, if you must; but you will come back to me tonight. Swim straight out when the moon rises; I shall be waiting for you."

And as Mr. Brown started his swim back to the beach, she began to sing. . . .

That evening, a couple on the shore saw a man swimming out into the moonlight. They thought nothing of it until Mr. Brown was found to be missing.

Agatha soon got over it—the house was really the thing.

TELEVISION'S ANTI-CLIMAX

We thought we could go on leading the world, though our Television is controlled by a body without any representative of the theatre, cinema, or big sport!

ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1939, shortly before the light died in the cathode ray tubes at Alexandra Palace, the last words in Britain's prewar television service were spoken. They were uttered by the Greta Garbo of Walt Disney's cartoon, *Gala Premiere*.

"I think," she said, "I go 'ome."

"Garbo" spoke more pointedly than she knew. The television sets remained dark and silent until early in 1946 when experimental still transmissions began. In June of the same year regular entertainment restarted with Jasmine Bligh's greeting: "Good afternoon, everyone. How are you? Remember me?"

Everyone certainly remembered that in 1939 Britain was leading the world in television. We expected clearer, brighter, cheaper television, covering greater areas of the country.

Lord Hankey, chairman of the Television Committee, asked the Government to release staff and materials, and advised commercial firms to pool patents. He urged the B.B.C. and cinema interests to combine in exploiting the results of research. The decks were being cleared for early and tough action. . . . But what has happened since adds up to little more than a long-drawn anti-climax.

Radiolympia will be held this month for the first time since before the war. The accent will be on television. What will the exhibition show? Many triumphs of British scientific skill, certainly. But the B.B.C.'s television record since the end of the war does not encourage too great an optimism.

Television is an entertainment restricted to about 25,000 people in London and the Home Counties (there were 20,000 viewers in 1939). The first provincial relay station—in the Birmingham area—is promised for the middle of 1948. There is no indication at all when the other five provincial stations will even be started.

Provinces Want a Look-in

And the arrival of critical times has not brought television any nearer the millions of provincial people who are ready to pay to see pictures at home.

We seem to have lost the world lead on which, even up to a year ago, we were able to congratulate ourselves.

While Britain maintains one television station at enormous cost, networks of television stations have been set up in the United States. The Americans are sending out pictures of a far higher definition than ours. Even in France television today works on 800 and 1,029 "lines" compared with the British standard of 405 "lines."

Before television can attain the clarity of the cinema screen it needs a definition of about 1,000 "lines." Some progress *has* been made on a "magnifying" process by which televised pictures, even on the British standard of 405 "lines," can be thrown on a cinema screen.

But the main known facts strike coldly through the mist of wishful thinking that has been wrapped around the achievements of the B.B.C.'s television staff at Alexandra Palace.

The Hankey Report was badly received from the start. Manufacturers of television sets realized that priority ought to be given to extending the service to the provinces. They did not feel justified in going flat out on the manufacture and marketing of an article which would sell only to a limited class in a limited area.

Before the war two of the British newsreel companies had allowed their films to be televised at the ordinary rental of £100 a week. More recently they refused to co-operate. The B.B.C. was obliged to form its own film unit.

The dispute spread to the variety business. Sports organizers joined in. The Association for the Protection of Copyright in Sport lined up with the film companies, the theatres and variety circuits in turning a cold shoulder to television. Besides, they had noticed that in the United States as much as £12,000 was paid for the television rights of one fight. The fair fee for an event like the Derby might, on this basis, be fixed at £10,000—and they knew that Portland Place didn't pay this kind of money.

So the end of the first postwar period of British television finds the B.B.C. deprived of cinema newsreels, shorts and cartoons, at loggerheads with the organizers of big sports events, and maintaining (at the most) an uneasy friendship with the radio manufacturers who continue to believe there has been too much delay in extending television to the provinces.

The Assistant Postmaster-General has announced in the House of Commons that expenditure on television (probably including capital expenditure) is nearing £2,000,000.

This money is paid by ordinary listeners, the vast majority of whom will never have a chance of seeing television in their own homes for years to come. On a basis of 15,000 viewers paying the £2 a year combined television and radio reception licence, British television is today giving each viewer £60 worth of service a year.

What do the rest of us get out of it?

The big men of the film industry, however reluctant they may be to lend their newsreels or feature films to the B.B.C., are keenly attracted by the idea that one day they may be allowed to send out their own programmes.

Rank stated in July that he hoped to begin television in five or six West End cinemas this autumn. This announcement was surprising because the B.B.C. holds the monopoly for the transmission of television pictures over the air and, additionally, its 405 "line" definition is held to be inadequate for big screen production. Rank, in fact, is believed to have the talent, the stars, the studios, the money—but no transmitter and no official wavelength.

Responsibility Rests Here

The loss of American films has helped the British film producers' plea that they should be "let into" television.

Anyway, we need to get a move on in television. We have allowed events to overtake official policy. Whenever any inquest is held on television, the responsibility, after being tossed between the B.B.C., the Government and the Post Office, usually comes to rest on the Television Advisory Committee. This is the official body, composed of B.B.C. and Whitehall officials which is responsible for the major direction of television.

And it does not contain a single representative of the theatre, the cinema or large-scale sport! It is time the Television Advisory Committee reformed itself and, assisted by men who know the entertainment business, took a really close look at the way British television is going.

CYRIL JAMES

"Remember me?" said Miss Bligh. The public remembered its hopes

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

IN these days of austerity and high prices, where can you find a whole week's entertainment which can cost you less than a shilling for a front seat? Here on this page, where the entertainment of *Bullets* has been running non-stop for nearly thirty-five years.

Yet the amusement of taking an *Example* and building up a *Bullet* with a few well-chosen words is as fresh today as ever. And now, with the longer evenings ahead, comes just the ideal moment to join in the fun of the competition fare which JOHN BULL offers this and every week.

Note this week's new Cash-plus-Armchair awards for the best *Bullets*, realize that there are prizes for as many as 1,563 readers and try for that £300 First with your coupon below!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 4, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

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FIRST PRIZE £300 AND BERKELEY ARMCHAIR

£25, £10 EACH PLUS ARMCHAIR

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

JITTERY WORLD
PLAN FOR RECOVERY
WEALTHY AMERICA
EVERYBODY'S BATTLE
TO RELIEVE THE MONOTONY
COURAGE
THE SHOW MUST GO ON, SO
BITING
GIVEN PRIORITY
SLOWLY BUT SURELY
TURNED DOWN
TOO OLD
STOPS AT NOTHING
FILM FAN
"CONGRATULATIONS!"
MODEL BABY
IT COULD BE THAT
IN SONNY'S POCKET
QUEER FISH
WHAT THE TOURIST SAID

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

NO LONGER.....
FIXED THE.....
GAVE.....A KICK
MARVELLOUS.....
RESULT OF THE.....
THE.....VANISHED AND

"BULLETS" RESULT 1,591

FIRST PRIZE, £300

J. Woodard, 11a Hanburg Street, London, E.1:
Now We Know Then We Don't—Life!

SECOND PRIZE £25: J. W. Brown, 42 Old Shoreham Road, Brighton: **Looking Ahead—Everybody—Depressing, Looking *Around*!**

THIRD PRIZE, £10: A. Crisp, 34 Trevor Street, Nechells, Birmingham, 7: **As It Happened—Under *Socialism*, It's Fate!**

OTHER AWARDS: £9: J. G. Roberts, 16 Lambton Road, Liverpool, 17: **Hard Work—Needs Will, Not Bill.** £8: C. E. Wills, 37 Heathfield Road, Gabalfa, Cardiff: **What A Haven When—Whitehaven Contemplated—*My* Job!** £7: Mrs. Needham, 30 Whitcar Avenue, New Moston, Manchester, 10: **Would Be Welcome—*My* House "Assembled Earlier."** £6: H. Bloor, "Rosedale," Halton Brook, Runcorn: **Wreathed In Smiles—Bridegroom, After *Second* Nudge!**

SIX PRIZES of £3: W. G. Chiverton, 18 Louis Road, Lake, Isle of Wight: **Wreathed In Smiles—*And* Bandages—India, Pakistan!** W. H. Dormer, 35 Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield: **Everything We Grow—"Thickening Fence" Against "Wolf."** W. S. Gibson, 23 Albert Palace Mansions, S.W.11: **What A Splash When—We Throw Austerity Overboard!** J. Plummer, Hill Farm, Shalford, Braintree: **Her Idea Of Half—A Mo', A Month!** Miss M. Redford, 75 Beech Hill Lane, Wigan: **One More Inch—But For Angler's Rheumatism!** J. Walton, 36 Essex Road, Enfield: **Hard Work—Got Car We're Pushing!**

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THREE BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 543

WINNING WORDS:

ACROSS: 1, Coal or Foal. 5, Drill. 6, Marches. 9, Rack. 15, Daft. DOWN: 2, Frock. 3, Lake. 4, Slack. 7, Strap. 8, Fault. 10, Bat. 11, Rook. 12, Wood. 13, Fiat. 14, Bay.

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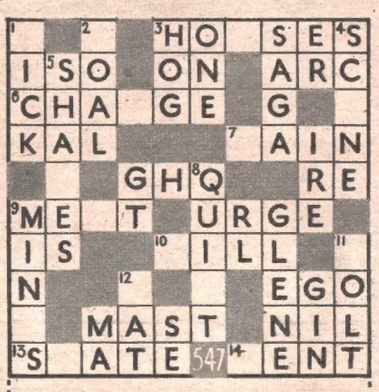
£25 CASH for Runners-up shared between 26 entrants. Awards value £25 shared amongst 25 prize-winners submitting 8 or more 3d. entries for this Contest.

Across Clues XWORD 547

3. You expect really fine these in a really fine circus
6. Electrifying speech can do this to the atmosphere of a conference
7. It is often wise policy to plough in this
9. Food that the doctor orders weakly vegetarian should be this
10. Dictator forces a people to do this
13. There's sometimes a chance of your treading on thin ice when you do this
14. This is pretty stiff

Down Clues

1. When doctors are called up at night, they tend to
2. Miners are beginning to realize importance of
4. Sweet, sugary one will put off person of fastidious taste
5. There are some hard-headed people with a firm belief in these
8. This can be quite oppressive
9. For Britain to be secure and prosperous, peace must be fostered in our
11. Shooting forward of one may bar the way
12. One is pretty often beaten



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Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra Awards value £25 amongst prize-winners submitting eight or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

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Arrears of Rent

"WE HAVE A LARGE SHED which is let as a garage for 3s. 6d. a week. The owners of the cars have gone away, owing us rent, and have taken the keys of the shed with them. Can we do anything about it?"

▸▸ If you know the address of the car owners you can summon them for arrears of rent. Unless they had notice to quit, the rent would accrue until the keys are returned.

Dependant's Allowance

"I AM A GENERAL LABOURER and earn £4 18s. a week and claim income tax allowance for maintenance of my mother, who has a weekly pension of 26s. Can you tell me how much should be deducted from my wages for income tax?"

▸▸ If you are given the £50 dependant's allowance for your mother, your tax liability should be between 2s. and 3s. a week. But it is possible that you may receive a reduced allowance for your mother because of her pension. In that case you will be entitled to an increase in your code number, with effect from April 6, 1947.

Release from Agreement

"WE TOOK OUR HOUSE twelve years ago on a monthly tenancy, the rent being payable weekly. The landlord has sent a letter saying he will release us from our agreement any time. Does this mean that if we find another house we do not need to give a month's notice?"

▸▸ The letter releases you from the necessity of giving a month's notice, but it would be advisable to acknowledge the receipt of the letter and to keep it by you.

Charwoman's Insurance

"HOW MANY HOURS, or days a week, does a charwoman have to work before a National Health Insurance card can be stamped?"

▸▸ Insurability does not depend upon the number of hours or days worked. If she is employed at regular intervals she is insurable for National Health Insurance and Pensions. To obtain a formal decision as to whether the charwoman is insurable you can apply to the local Ministry of National Insurance inspector. His address is obtainable from the Post Office.

Transfer of Tenancy

"A WIDOW OF SEVENTY lives with her cousins who are the tenants of the house and pays her share towards expenses, but sub-letting is not allowed. The cousins now propose to move elsewhere. Can the widow be forced to leave when she is perfectly willing to become the tenant?"

▸▸ When the tenants leave the house they will be obliged to give vacant possession and the widow will have to quit.

Women's Clubs

"CAN YOU GIVE ME the name and address of someone who could provide lists of women's clubs in this country?"

▸▸ The Central Council for the Social Welfare of Girls and Women, 36 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, has compiled a list of clubs and hostels in the London area, price 1s. 1½d. The Y.W.C.A., whose headquarters are in Great Russell Street, London, W.C.2, may be able to help with regard to hostels and clubs in other places.

Landlord's Threat

"DURING THE SIX YEARS that I have lived in my house the landlord has done nothing in the way of redecorating. I had to go to the town hall before a fireplace was fitted in the living-room. For twelve months water has been coming through my scullery ceiling, but the landlord says I must have it put right at my own expense. He has threatened to have me turned out of the house because I keep asking for repairs to be done. What do you advise?"

▸▸ Unless you have agreed to do repairs or decorations you are under no obligation to do them. You can ignore the threat to turn you out. The landlord cannot do this without a court order.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

WILD WEST. (1) Hickock; he was a law marshal. (2) Annie Oakley, a famous woman sharpshooter. (3) No; sometimes Indians used to scalp a victim and send him back to his tribe thus dishonoured as a challenge. (4) Tony; white. (5) They were not buffaloes that he shot, but bison.

SHAKESPEARE. (1) Jealousy (he is tricked into believing his wife, Desdemona, to be unfaithful). (2) The Globe, Southwark. (3) Lady Macbeth, at Macbeth's castle, Inverness. (4) Francis Bacon. (5) The families of Romeo and Juliet respectively.

COUNTRY. (1) A farrow is a litter of pigs; a harrow is an iron frame dragged along to break up the clods. (2) Southdowns are sheep; Shanghais are chickens. (3) Poison ivy. (4) No; it is used for killing pests on fruit trees. (5) Gobblers; drones.

YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBOURS. (1) You may lop the branch, but the apples are still his. (2) Yes, it is his responsibility to abate the nuisance. (3) Claims to stop any building which would shut daylight from windows which have enjoyed it uninterruptedly for twenty years or more. (4) That before the first attack the owner cannot be deemed to know that his dog is dangerous. (5) The egg still belongs to the owner of the hen.

GAMES. (1) Bridge. (2) Checkmating his opponent's king by trapping him into a position where he cannot escape capture. (3) The players serve alternately and the game is won by the the first to get a lead of two points. (4) Outer ring, double the number marked; inner ring, treble the number; ring round the bull's eye, 25. (5) Dominoes.

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INCC 643

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